



1971 shield

roy c. start high school

toledo, ohio

volume 9

book 1



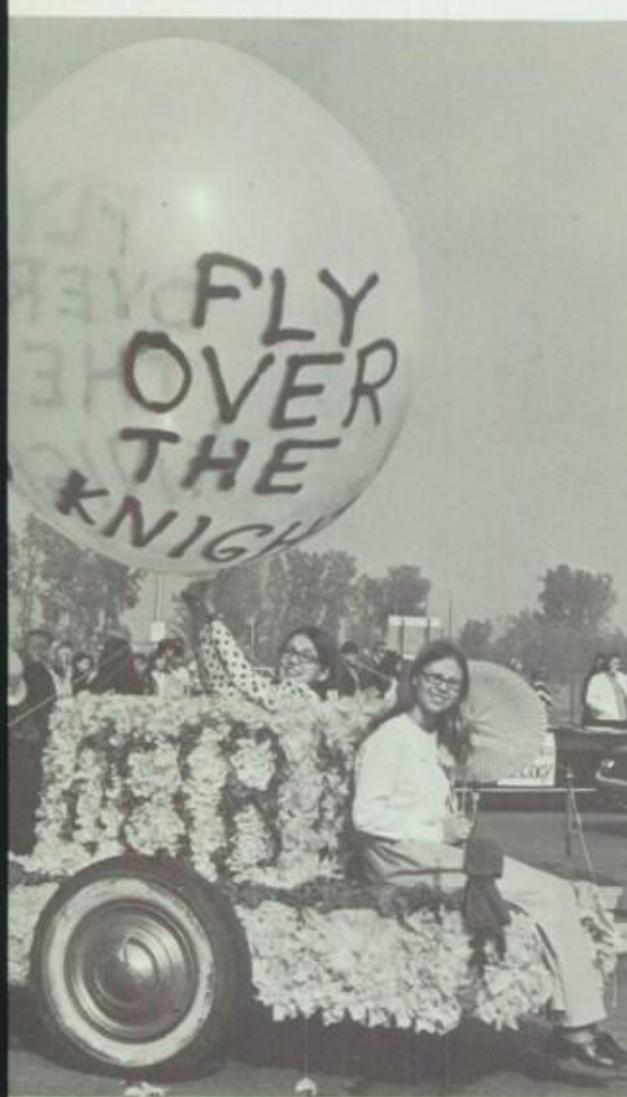
What would you call this?  
An epilogue?  
An apology to life?  
So much has happened to you . . .  
Maybe it doesn't seem real—  
not really happening to you—  
but it is.





life . . .



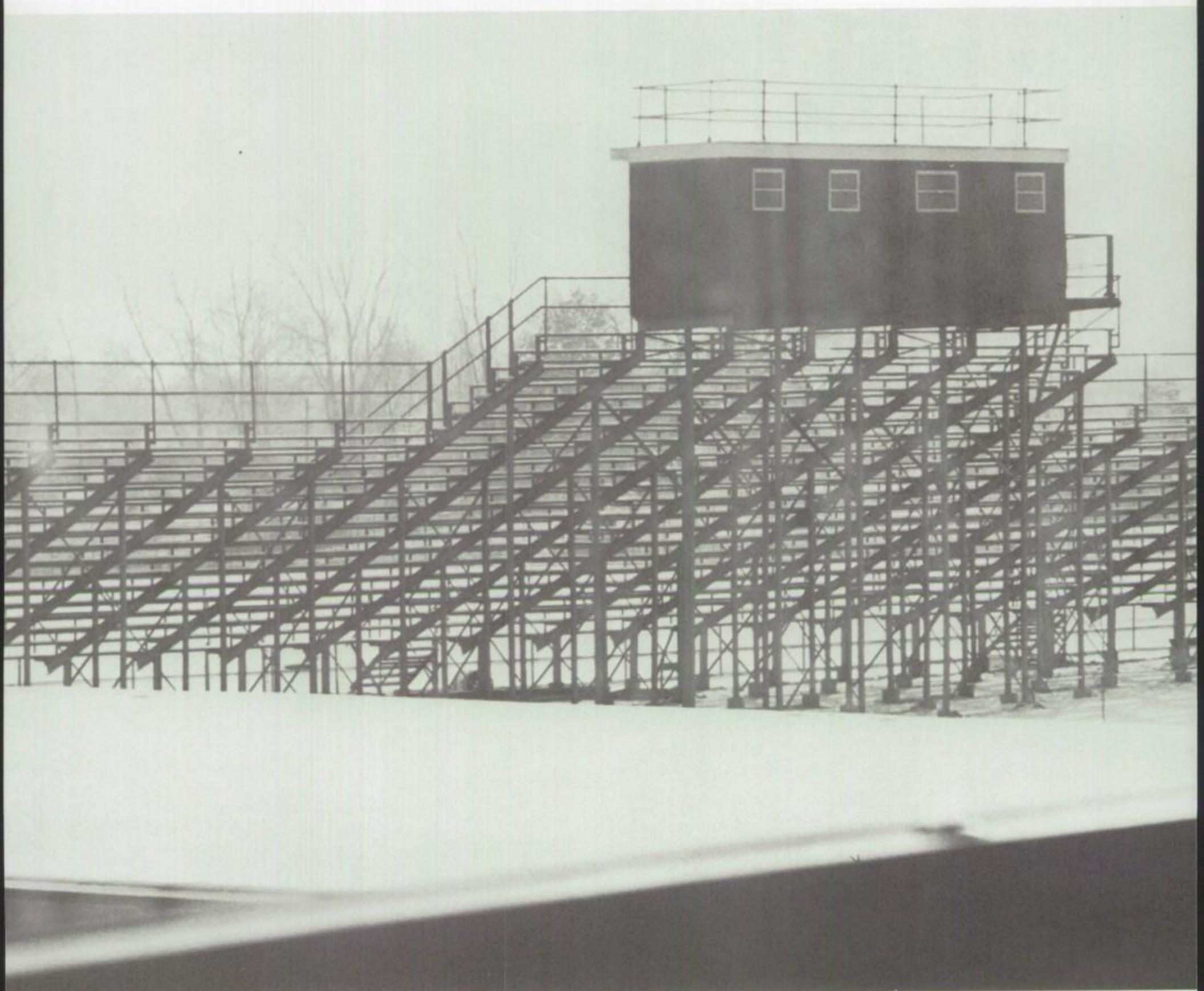






A year of greater disappointments  
than you've ever experienced;  
they are buried now . . .  
You may look back and  
see all the things you have learned—  
not only academically—  
things equally as important, though.  
Expressing yourself, understanding yourself . . .  
You find yourself relating to others—  
unique individuals.

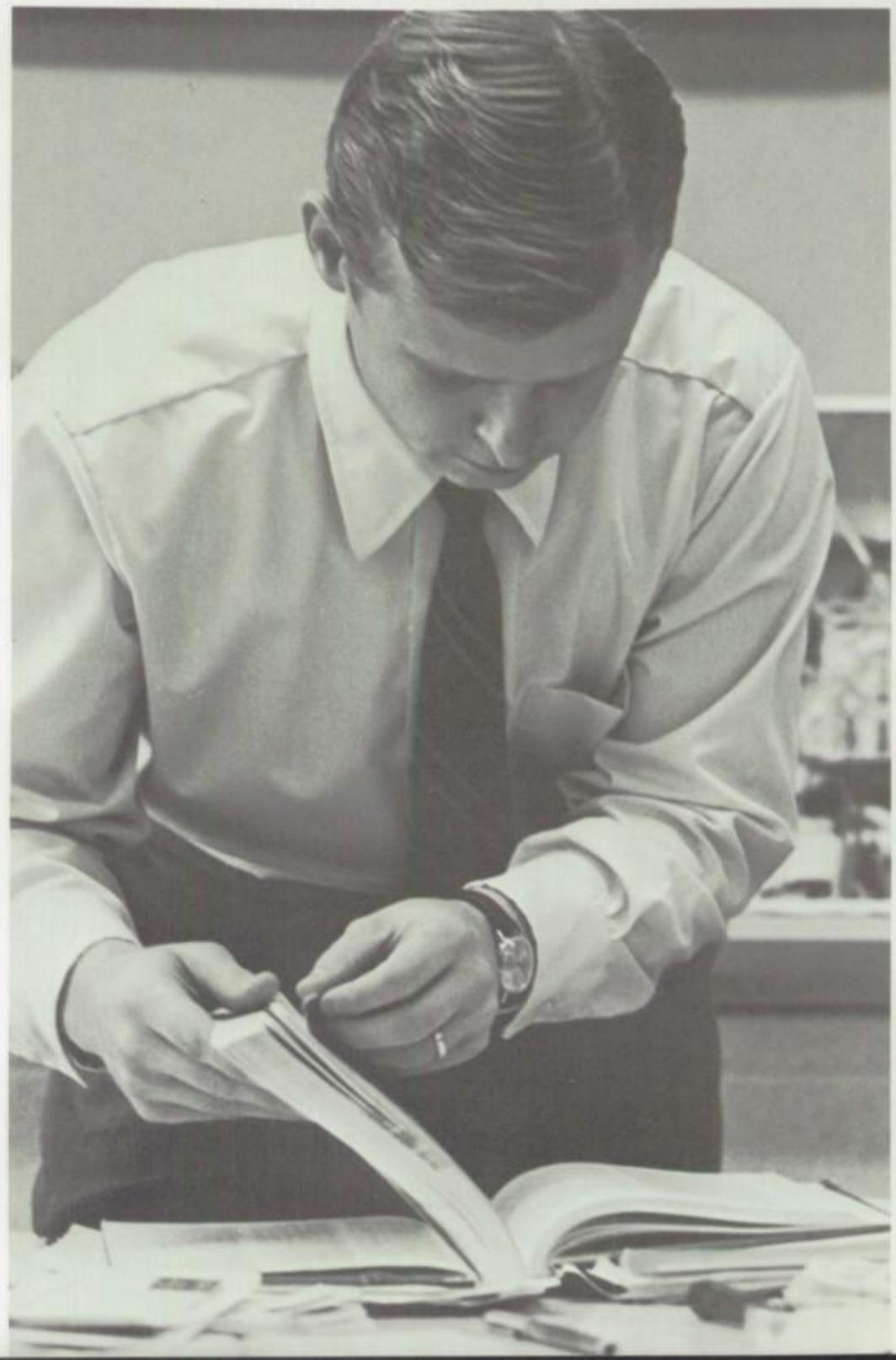






Discovering the value of a good,  
really good friendship . . .  
Realizing the fortune of a teacher who cares,  
a friend who listens,  
someone who loves—  
all beyond compare . . .  
You are awakening to the rest of the world—  
people revolving around you,  
people you revolve around.  
There is now an open field to run through—  
racing with life.  
Apprehensive?

ready to begin . . .





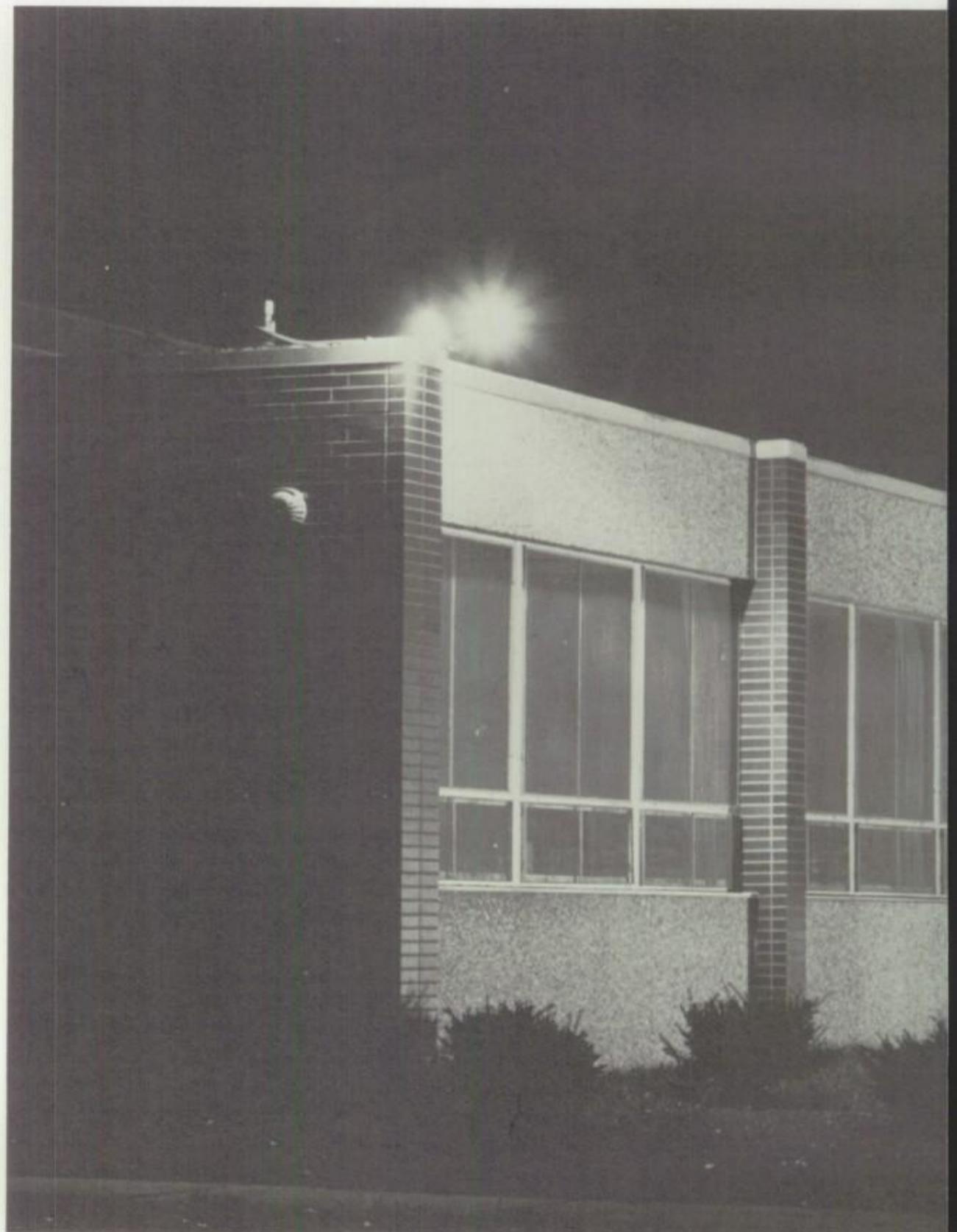




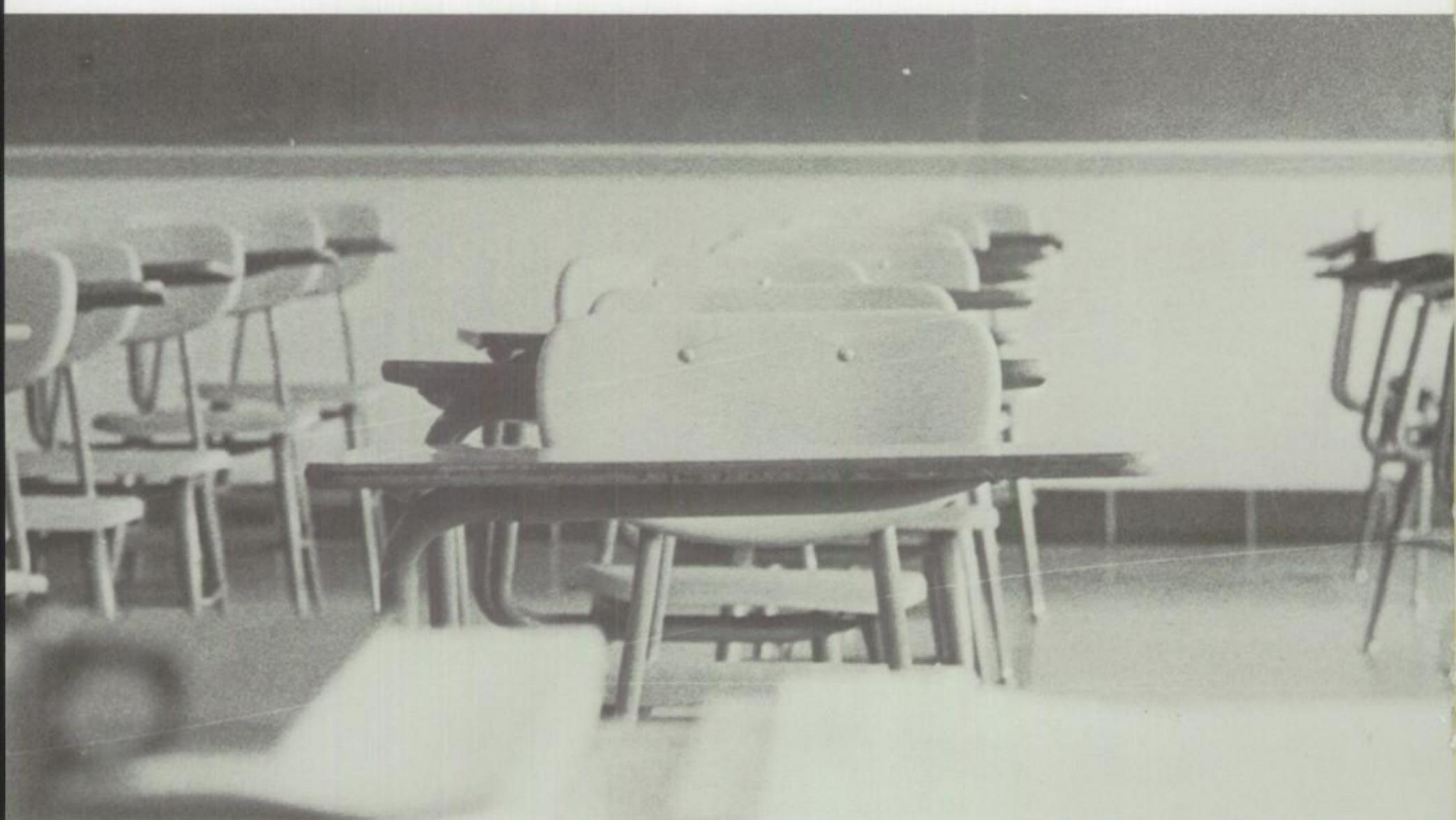
Many thoughts and dreams  
seize your undecided mind.  
Your soul is enveloped  
by apathy and indifference.  
You do not care  
because no one else does . . .  
But as long as you are  
still dreaming,  
the inconceivable future  
is awaiting your discovery.  
What appears black and forbidding  
may someday glow with promise . . .  
the clouds over hidden opportunity  
will part  
to reveal untried expectations.  
As your soul  
begins to breathe  
your restricted reason  
broadens its reach.  
Grasping new ideas,  
you build character in your thoughts.  
As the irretrievable past  
slips away unnoticed  
you look only towards tomorrow.  
Expecting the worst,  
it appears—  
pressure, routine  
clinging to your soul,  
but absorb the richness of earth.  
Let the relevance of virtue  
accompany your inner growth.  
**a tree is born, it grows, it dies,  
but a forest can go on forever.**

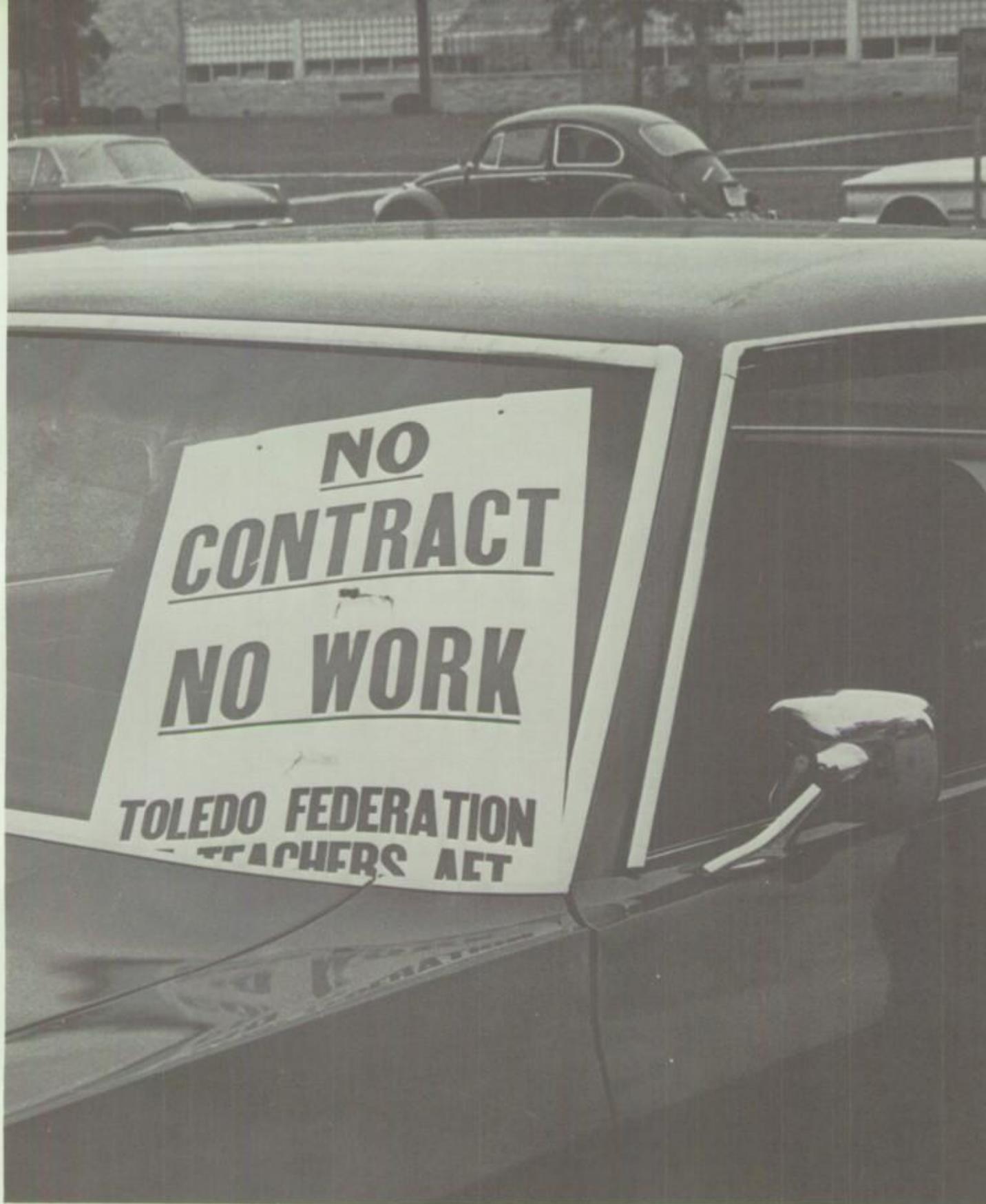


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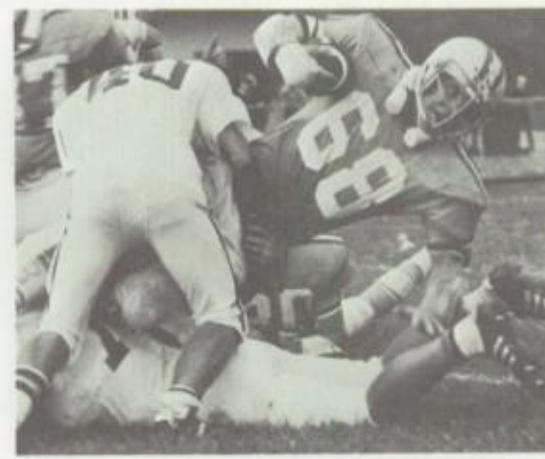
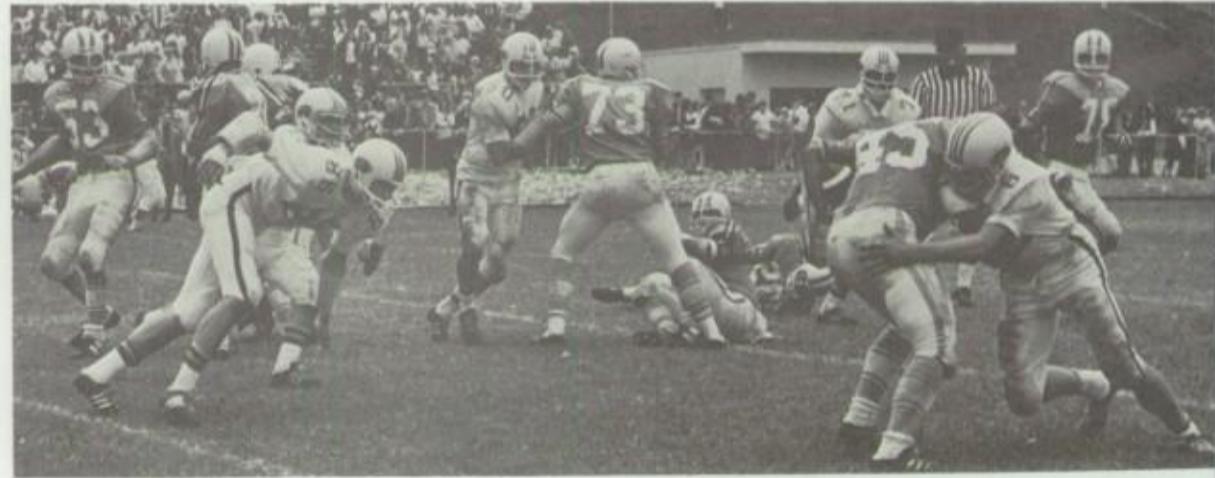






## teachers' strike

To be born free,  
to do what you feel is best,  
to live . . .  
To create a sense of courage . . .  
Freedom—the absence of individual castigation.  
Right—privilege, condition of existence.  
You have been given these rights . . .  
Strength—power of the people to dissent,  
power to remain silent,  
power to build humanity . . .



## varsity football

Football—what is it?

Man against man, team against team?  
No, it's much more.

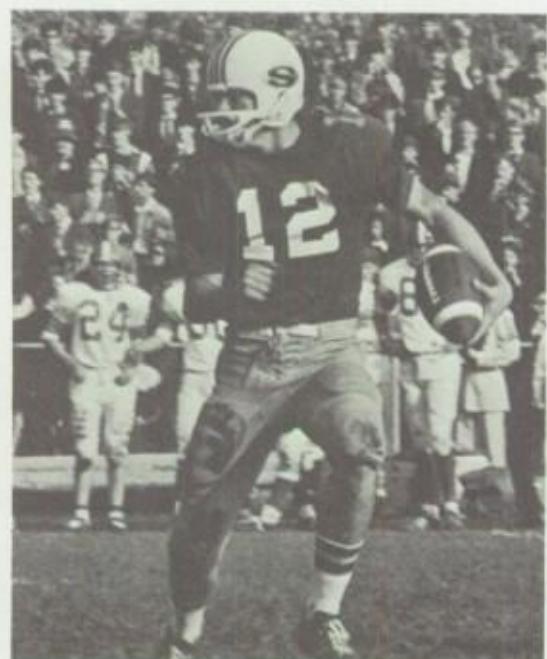
It is an individual working and fighting  
to see how far he can go,  
how much he can take,  
how good he really is.

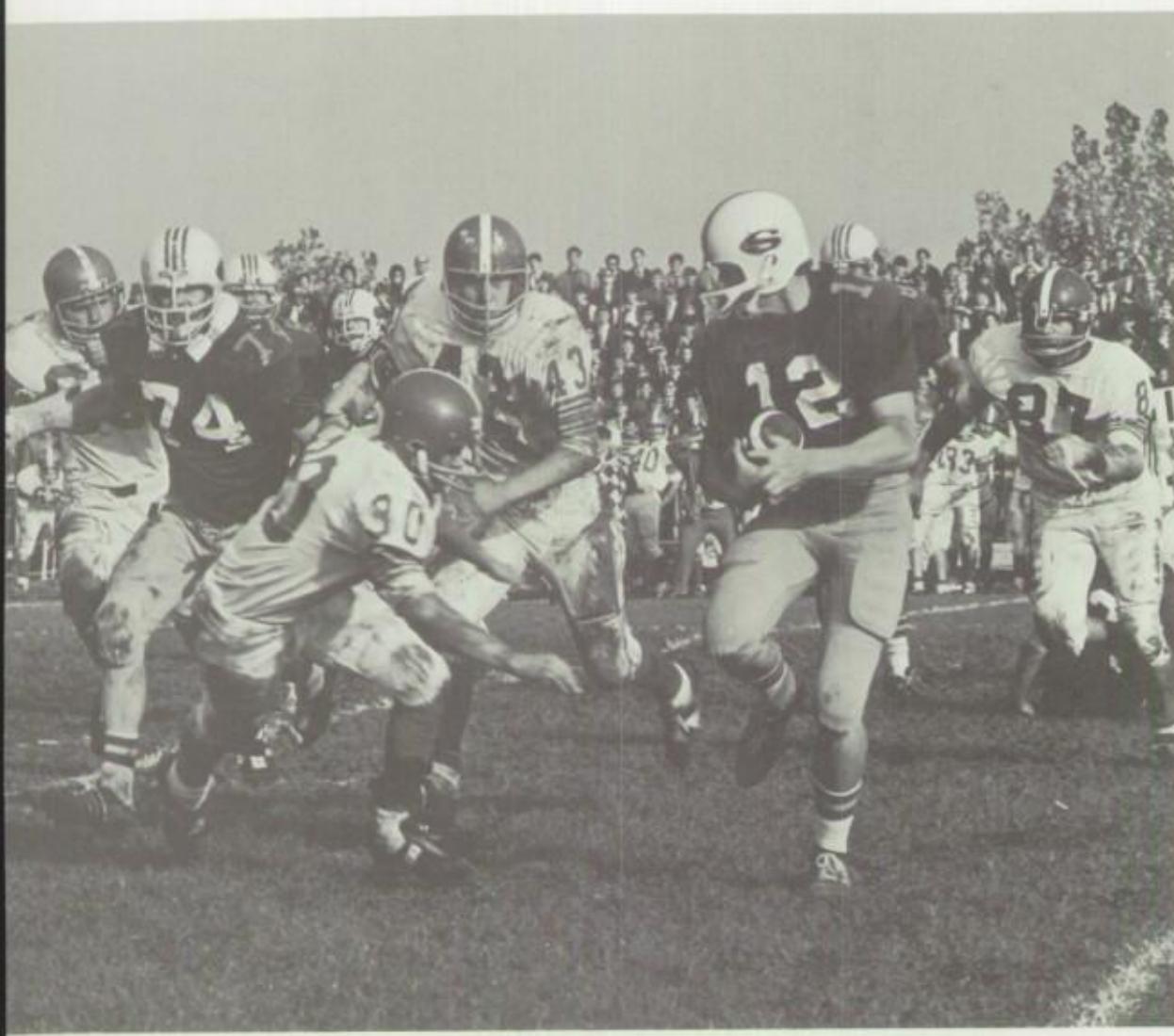
This year Start had its first successful  
football season  
in three years under head  
coach Dan Simrell.

The team started out with victories over  
Lima Senior, Waite and Woodward.  
Jeff Wysocki, Barry Roberts,  
Mike Conti, and junior Dan Valasek  
were chosen first team  
in the Blue Division.

Other Spartans who received awards were  
Rick Tolland, Spartan MVP;  
Dave Chamberlain, scholastic athlete;  
and again Mike Conti who  
received the coach's award.

Next year's Spartans are expected  
to be a threat  
with ten lettermen returning,  
although favorite Coach Dan Simrell  
will be leaving for a better position.







## homecoming 1970

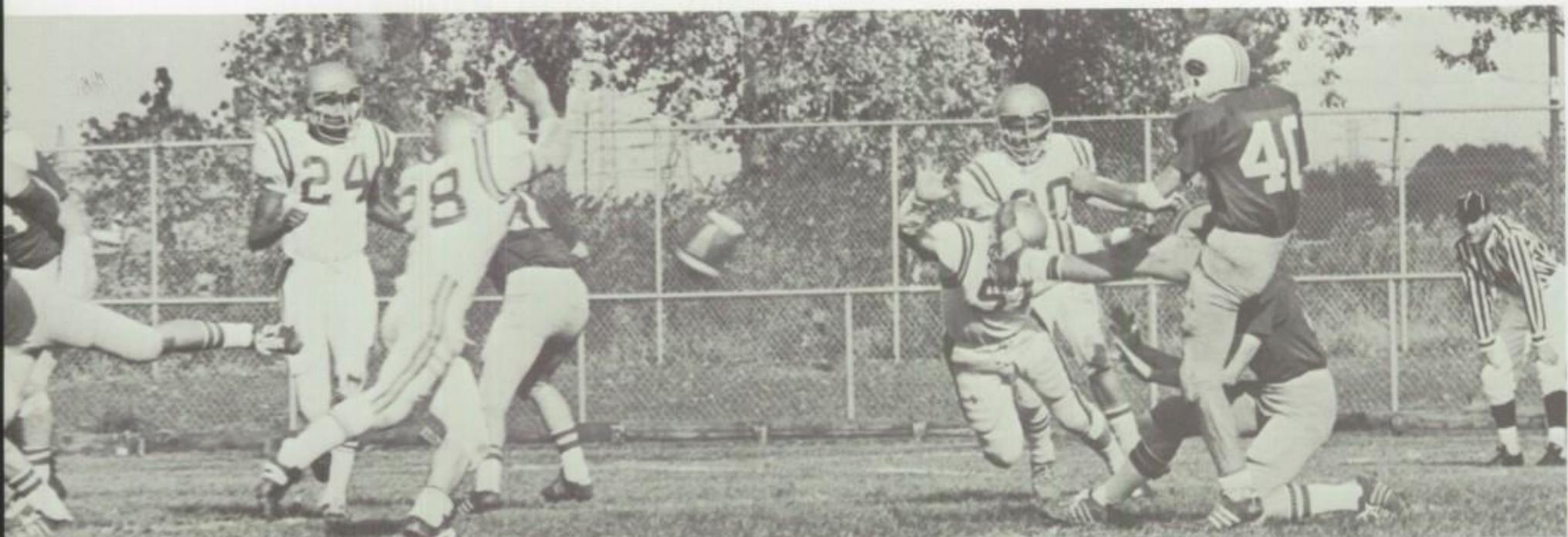




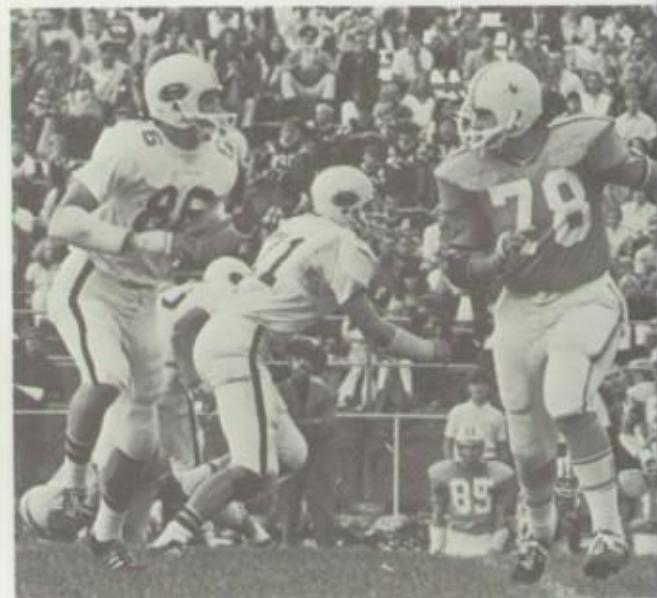
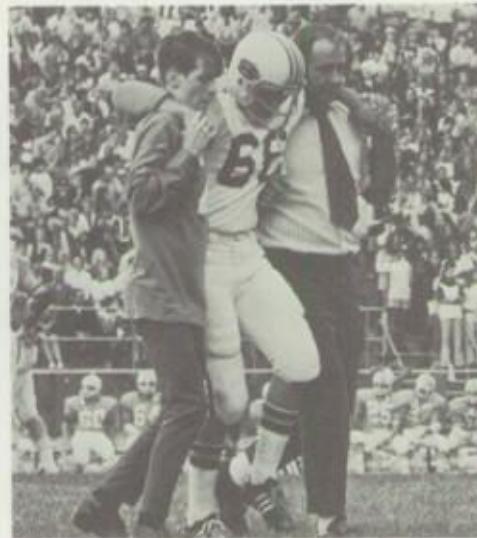
## gay old nineties

Gay Old Nineties . . .  
Gazebo,  
Green Grass . . .  
Candy Shop, white paint,  
The yellow truck.  
Tears, joy, success . . .  
Red, orange, yellow . . .  
Tape, tape and more tape.  
Budget.  
Michelob bottles.  
Tug, pull, push, and stretch.  
Weeks of work and planning  
for cherished moments . . .





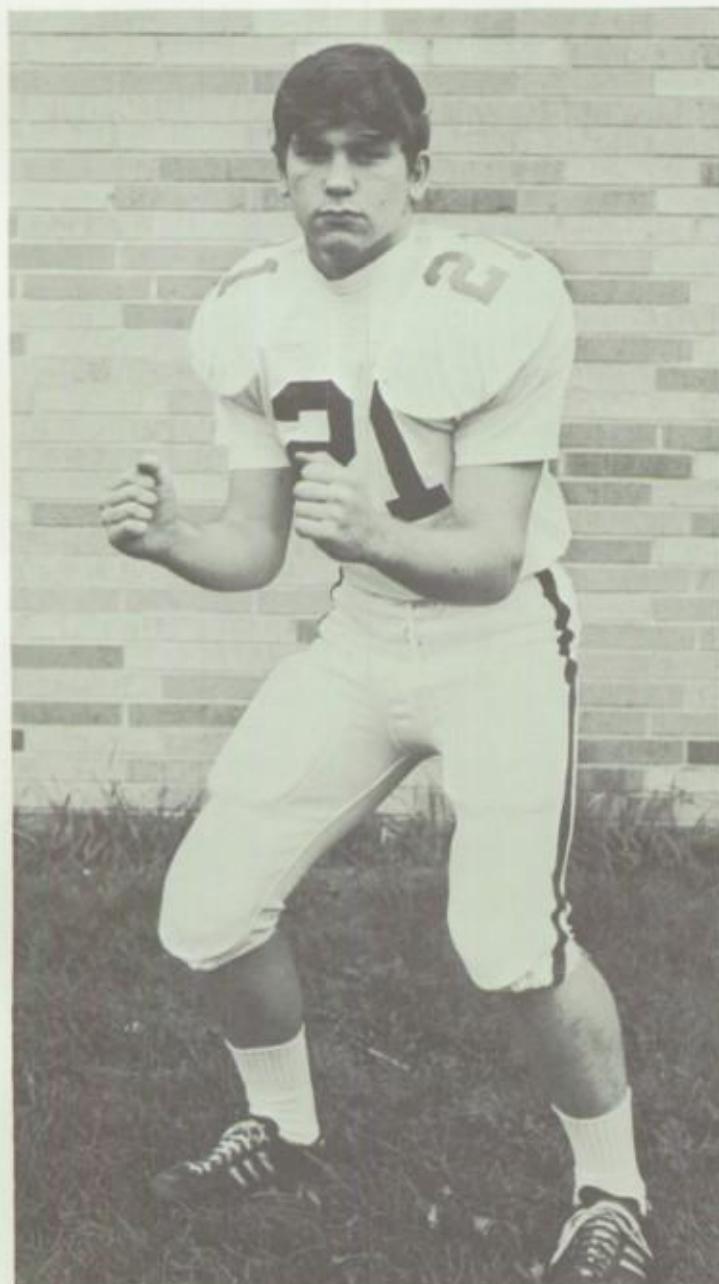
Barry Roberts—All City



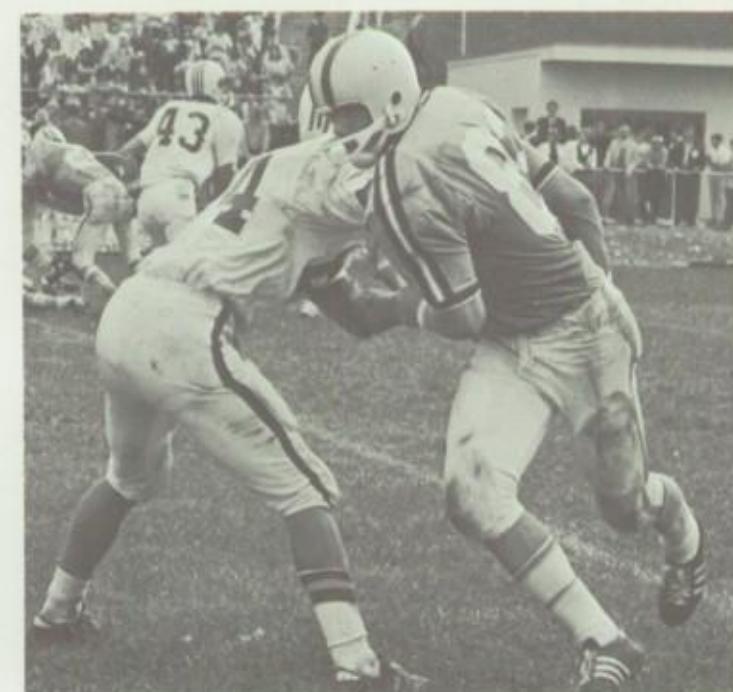
Jeffery Wysocki—All City

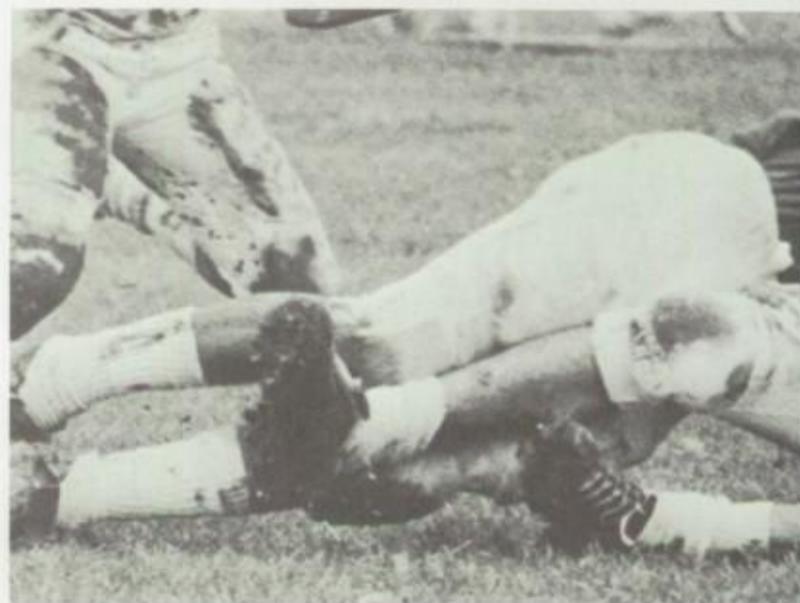


Daniel Valasek—All City

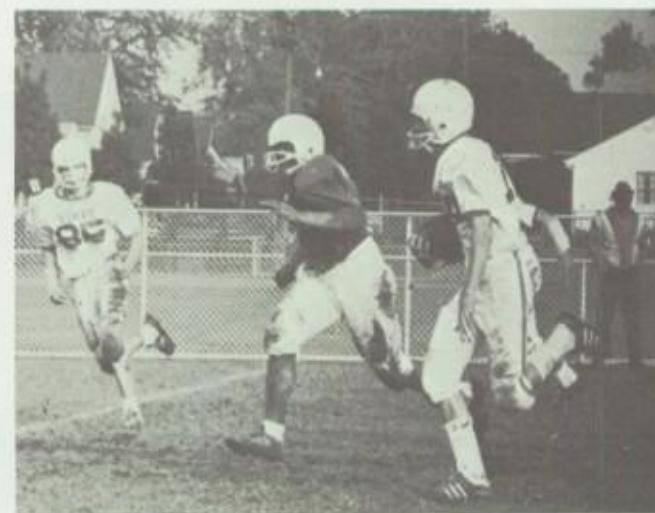


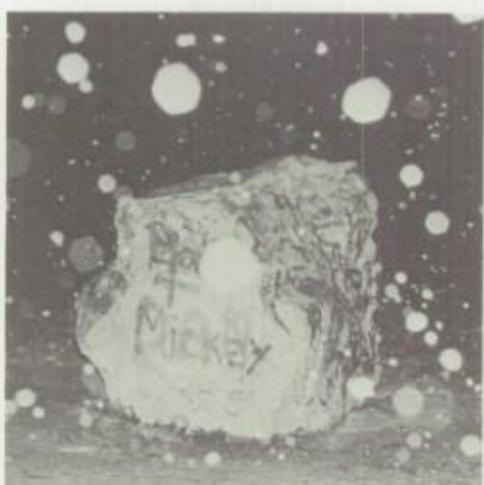
Michael Conti—All City





## j.v. and frosh football





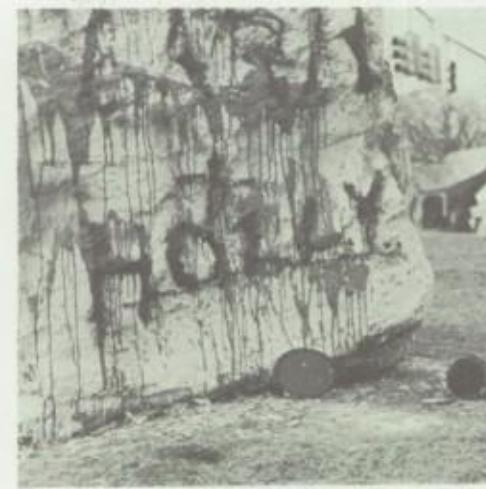
## the rock

Phone calls, begging, two years . . .  
They blew it up?

Thanks to W. B. and Mr. Marlow and H.P.F.  
Jeffer's crane, the nylons ran,  
layers and layers of paint, waiting in the rain.

What's a Spirit Rock?  
On the way home from Ann Arbor . . .  
Zip Line didn't even know!

What did it cost?  
Oh, three bottles of scotch . . .  
The tip from the Sideliners.  
Saturday morning the trucks roll in . . .





Miss Pat Long



Miss Susan Kemp—1970 Homecoming Queen



Miss Beverly Boehler

## queens 1970

No sleep, tears, tension,  
anticipation . . .  
Friends, butterflies, dreams . . .  
Pep assembly,  
Christmas concert  
in the auditorium . . .  
Waiting, waiting . . .  
An armful of roses,  
a crown,  
a dream becomes reality . . .



Miss Kathy Kramer



Miss Colleen Maloney



Miss Barbara Pickering



Miss Kathy Kramer—1970 Christmas Queen



Miss Cristie Ingram



Miss Pat Long

Miss Jan Hoffmann



## magazine drive

Toad wrote the skit!!

Skit practice after school—  
tonight and tomorrow morning.

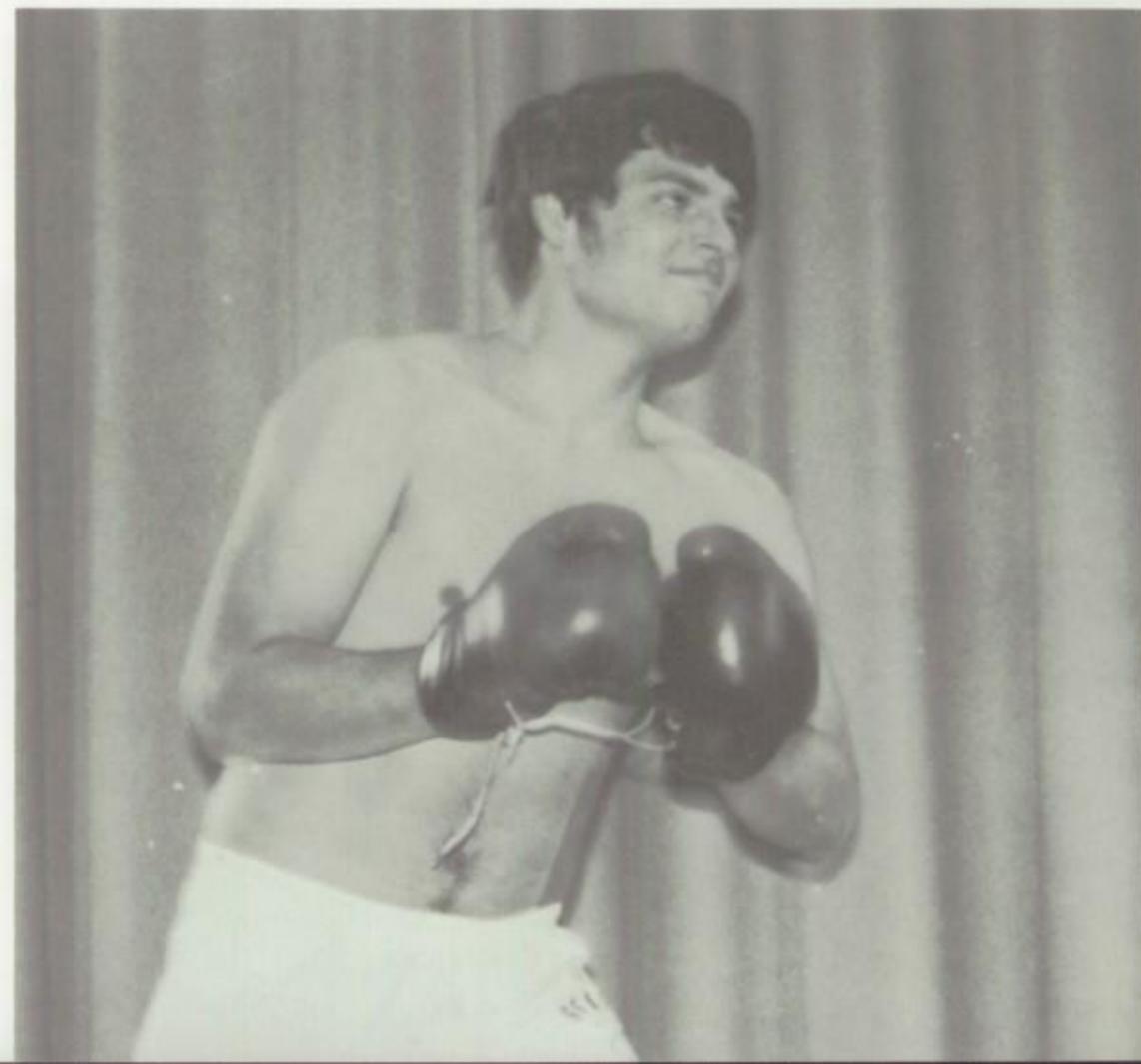
I want to be a hillbilly!

We need eight people in the first row,  
five in the second row,  
and Diane is in row three!

Picking prices, and  
working the crazy adding machine.  
Yes, money and records have to agree!

Runner!

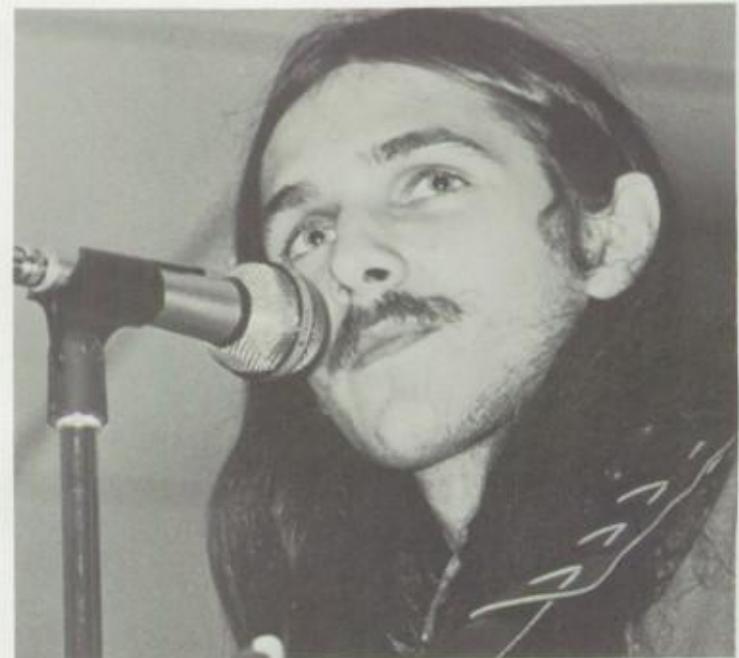
Tony Packo's Hot Dog's are good!  
SBG receives \$340 for their efforts.

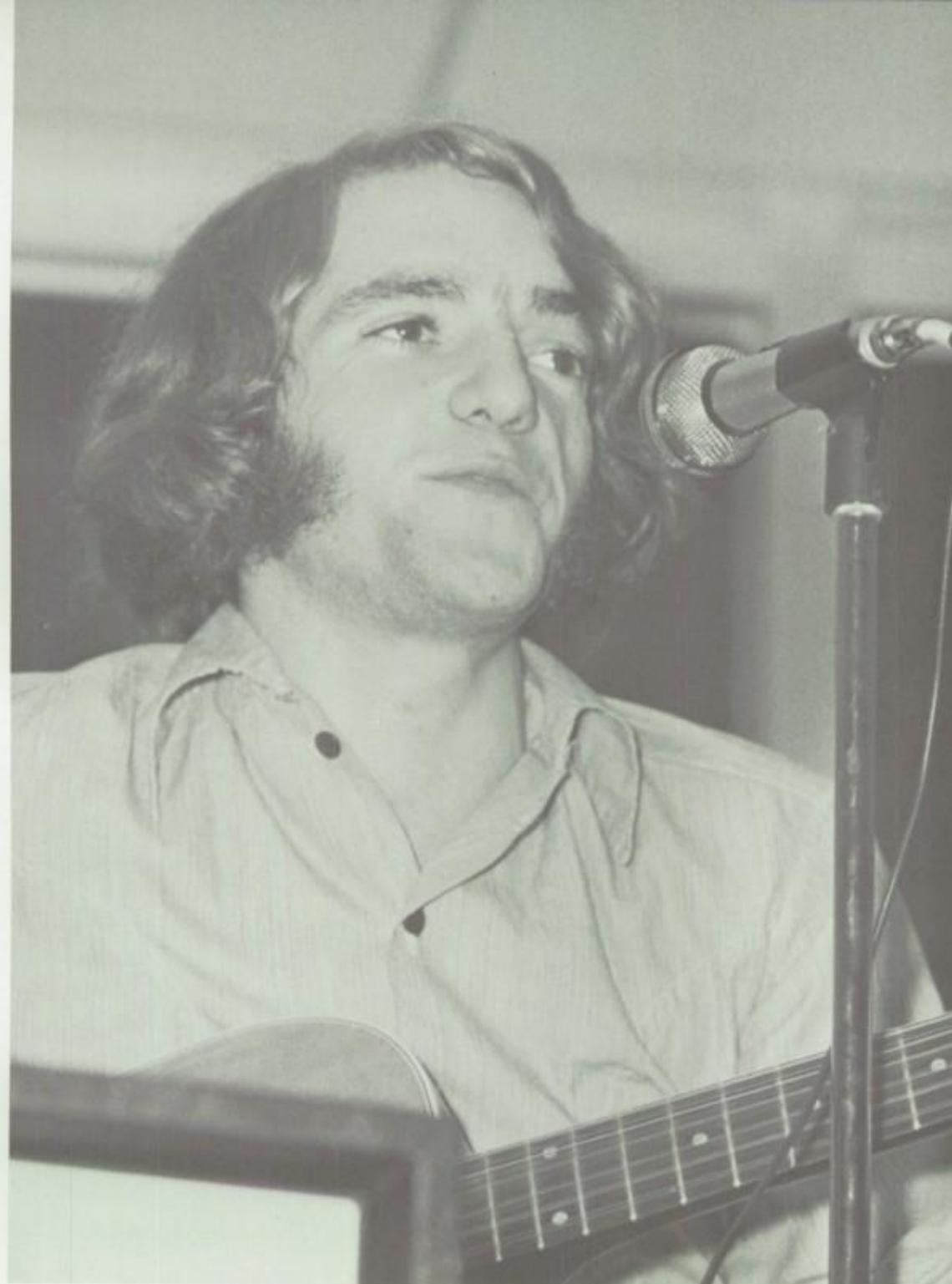




## senior fun night

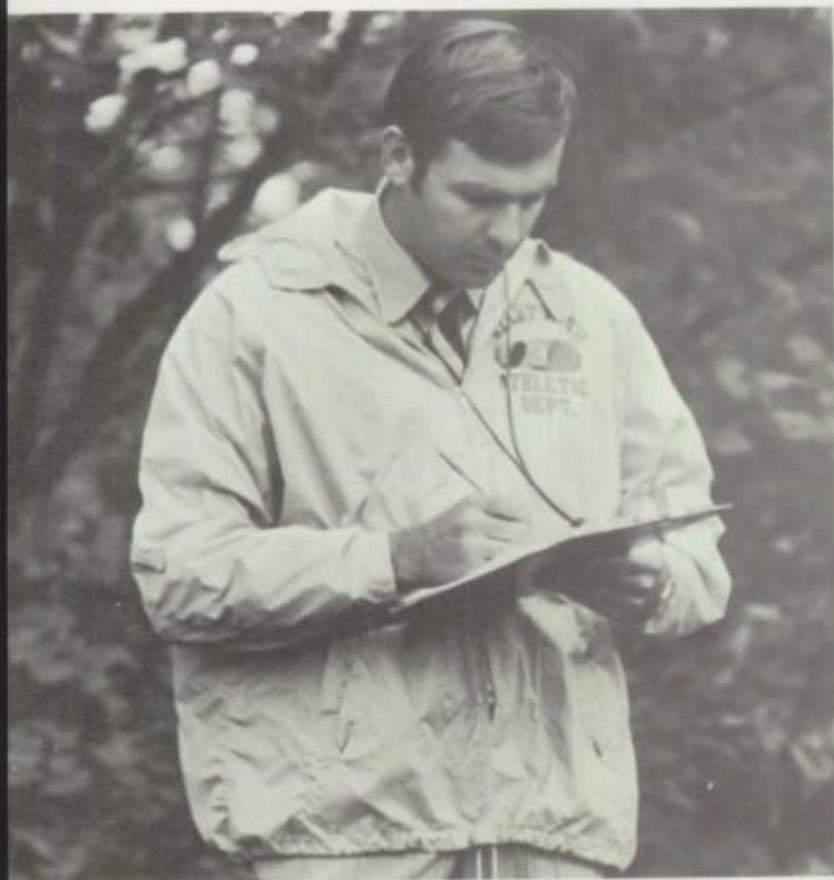
Senior "FLOP" Night . . .  
Apathy . . .  
Open to the school . . .  
"Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young" . . .  
Jim Stein,  
Lothar, and  
Shortnin' Bread . . .  
Start High Quartet . . .  
Blankets and cider and donuts . . .





## pep assemblies

Planning and many hectic days.  
Fight Song, the coaches, the Shoe . . .  
Last minute changes,  
the band,  
teams . . .  
Worries, skits,  
cheerleaders,  
and watching the crowd . . .  
the Alma Mater . . .



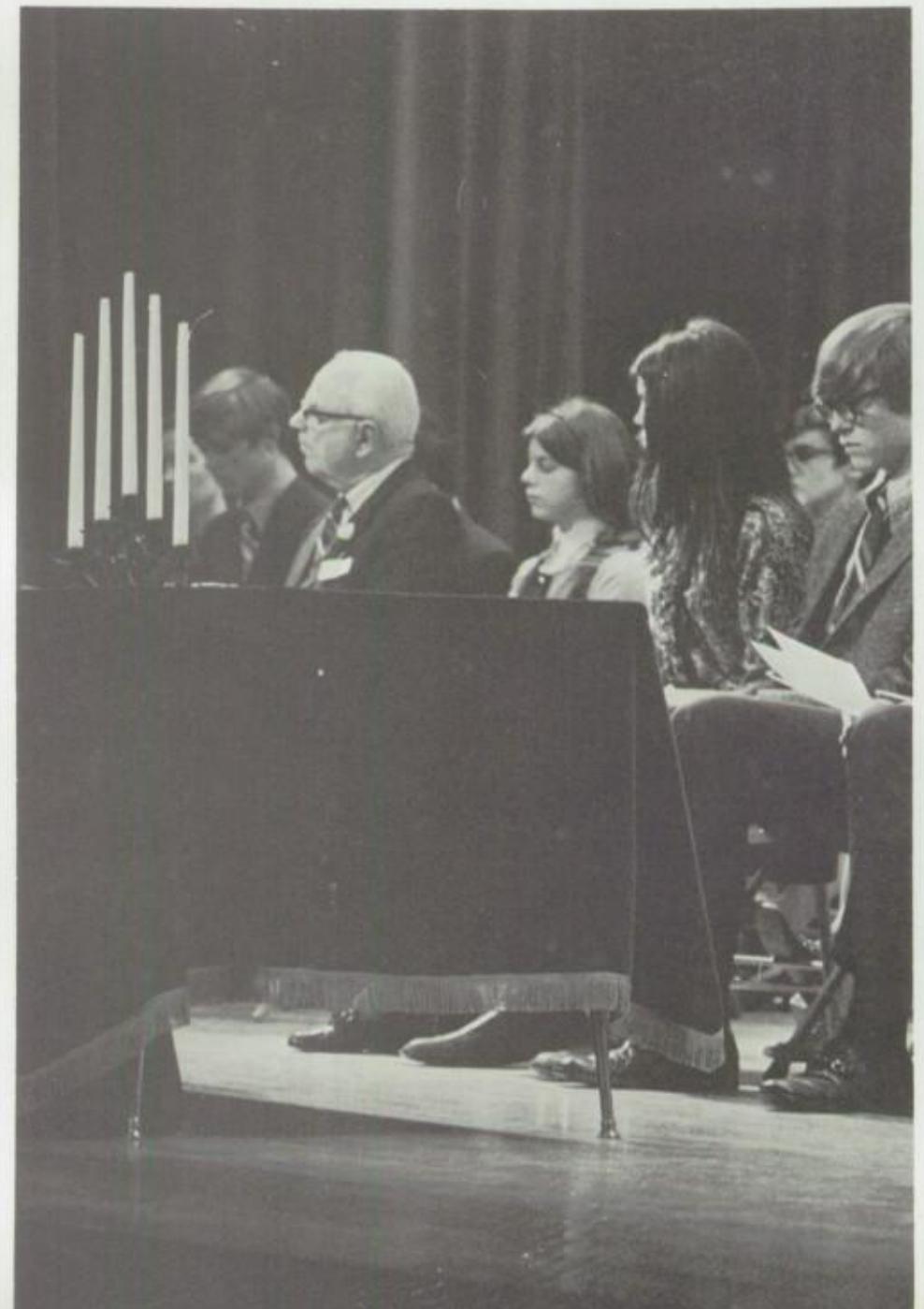
Michael Rabideau—All City



## cross country

Running, running,  
I must win, I must catch the leader.  
My head aches, my lungs feel as if they will burst,  
my muscles respond like sponge when I tell them to move.  
But I must win, I must be first, I must be the best,  
for there is no gain without pain.  
For Coach Koch and his harriers it was the best season ever  
for Starts cross country team. They were led all the way to  
districts by Mike Rabideau, John Carr and others.  
They finished third in the city behind two of the states top teams.  
Mike represented Start on the city's first team while John made second.  
Mark Tiller received the scholastic award and Rabideau captured  
the MVP award.





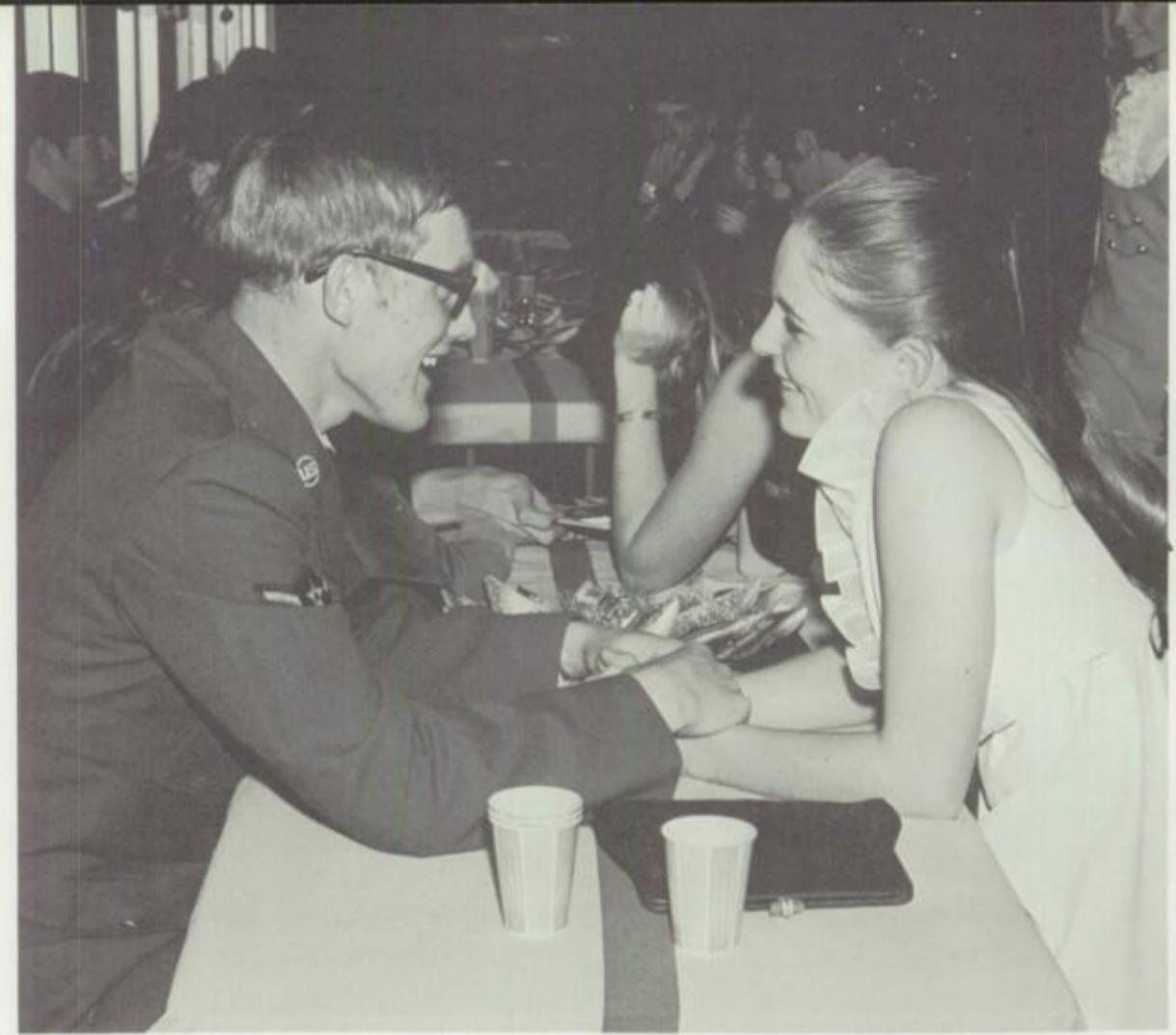
## n.h.s. inductions

Anticipation, desires . . .  
Enveloped by the strained quiet.  
A roll call of names—special names—  
representing unique abilities.  
Dimmed lights,  
glimmering candles,  
and long stemmed roses . . .  
Deserving merit, a respected pride—  
the worth of praise.



## concerts

The tuba's set up. The clarinets commence.  
Who forgot the rag? Everyone's arranged.  
Someone stole my pads!  
The trombones triumph. What's a trombone?  
This is serious bizmuss?  
And don't get worried—Wally faints!!!  
Shakey solos, Allegretto just died . . .  
Alla Barocco.  
Rocked Right,  
to all a good night,  
and it was out of sight!



## shades of christmas

Main Hall!!!?

Green, green, green ...

IBM wreaths and spray paint and snow ...

Brushes?? Molded, messy styrofoam trees.

Centerpiece disasters, two extra roses ...

Tea at meetings, silly fights.

Dresses and no dates,  
holly headdresses, last minute decorating,

6:45 arrivals, not enough tables ...

Special thanks ...

The only Christmas present.

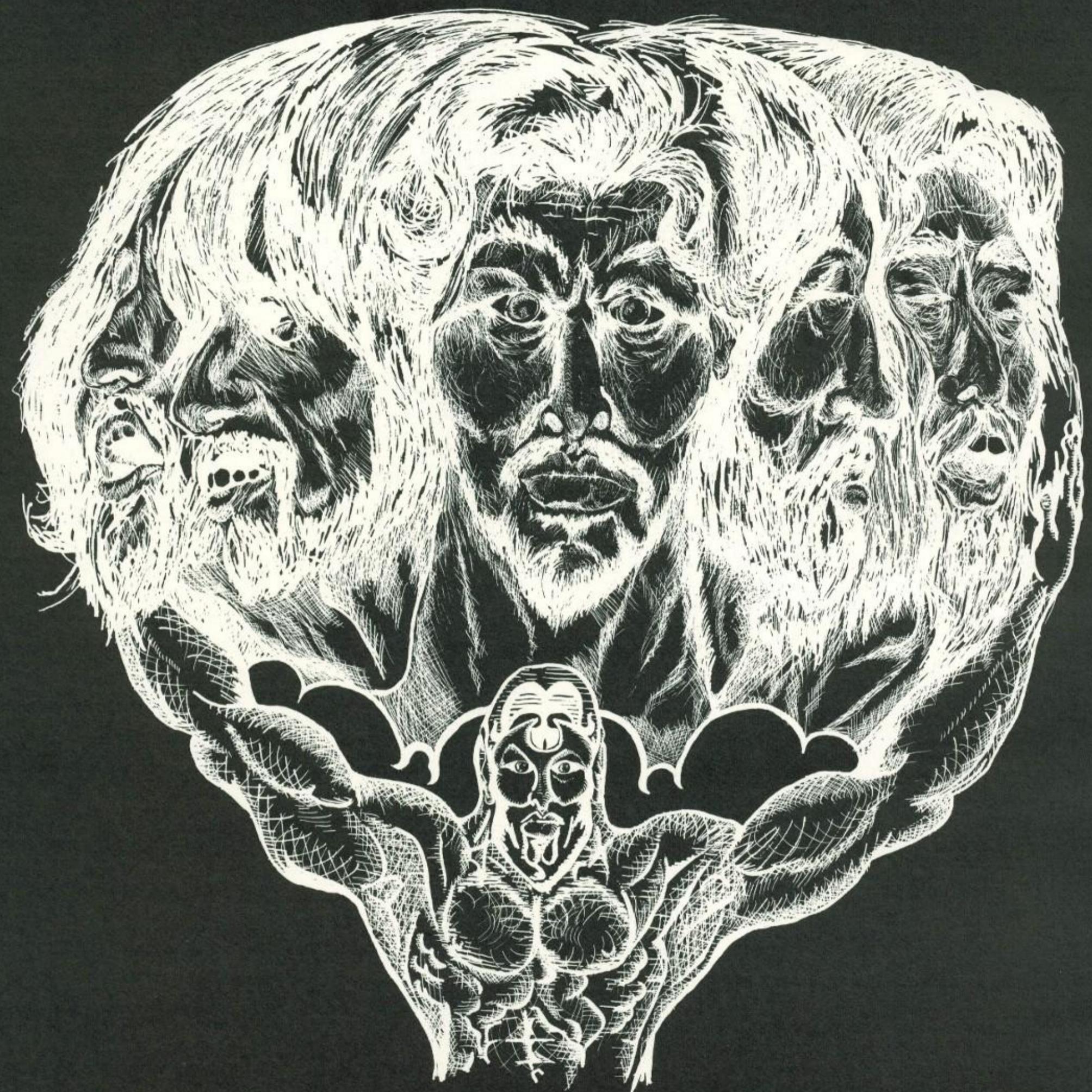








dimensions



DAVID O'NEIL  
JUNIOR

gail johnson  
senior

The sun was a slice of lemon  
In the overturned punchbowl sky.  
A cloud melted  
Dissolving like shivers of frost  
Into the liquid blue.



mary rihacek  
junior



dennis douglas  
senior



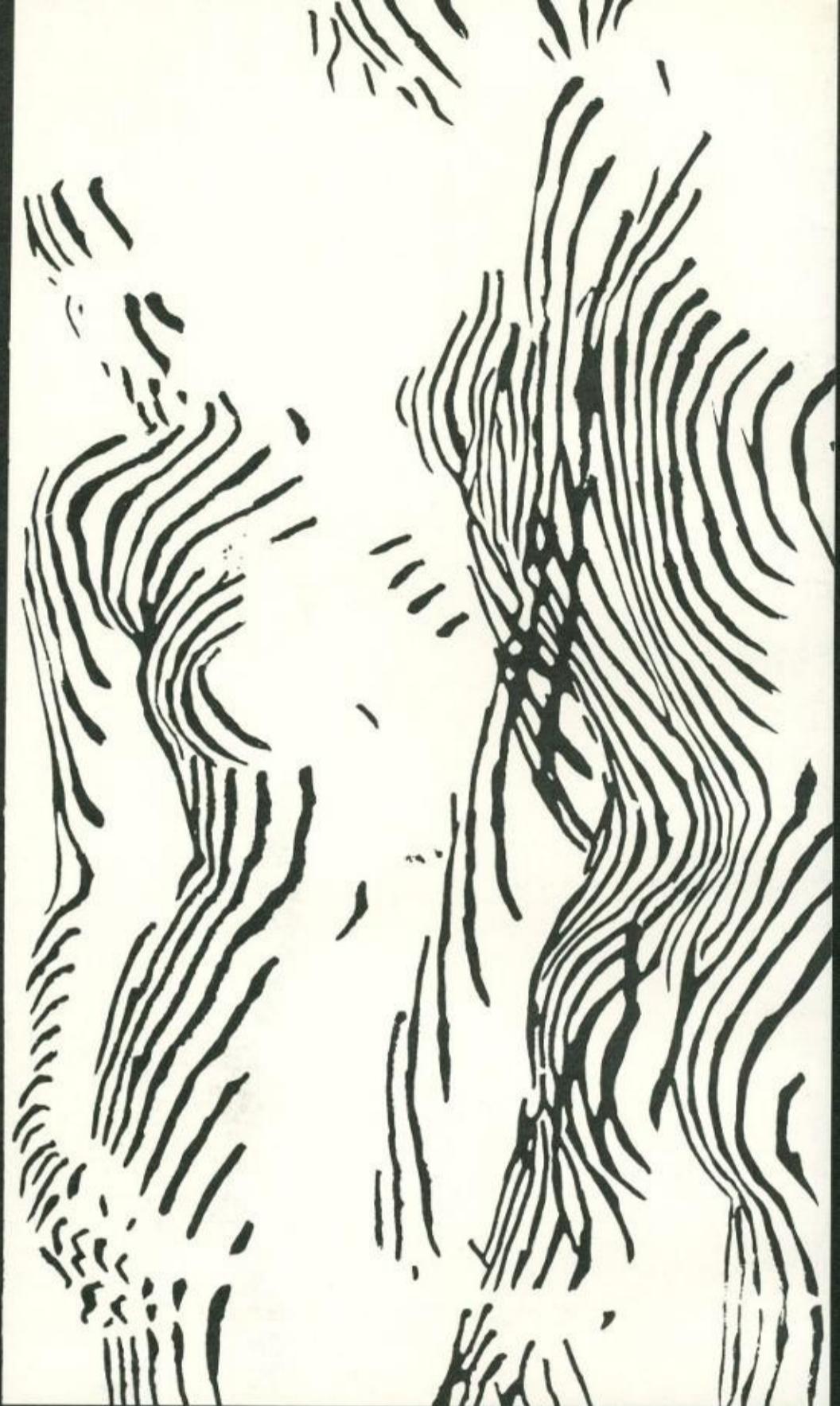
sue lykowski  
senior

oh god they've  
cut down the trees like so many  
wooden soldiers  
who were my comrads in  
childhood wars  
(and kept watch over my older peace)  
oh jesus they  
buried all those violets like  
virgins vestal:  
retired, with no more need for their  
purple robes.  
oh help me they've  
taken all the grass where i  
used to lie,  
(after childish wars and walking  
with the vestals)  
tell  
me  
whose heaven this concrete road  
will  
be?

sally nagel  
junior

dennis douglas  
senior





cyndi austin  
senior

## emptiness

To have never loved  
Is an emptiness  
That is painful and hard.  
But to have lost a love  
Is an emptiness  
Beyond pain,  
Because you know  
What it is  
That you lost.

felicia scheig  
Senior

I sit in my chair.  
My favorite chair.  
I escape from reality  
Through mindful dreams  
and television.  
I can't face up to truth  
Because I am afraid of it.  
I am alone.  
I have millions of friends.  
Always a smile and a hello.  
Yet no comfort . . . Why?

I sit in my chair.  
My favorite chair.  
I've run out of escapes.  
Of mindful dreams  
and the television is black,  
For it is late.  
I must face up to the truth  
But I am afraid.  
I am alone.  
I reach for a bottle of friends.  
They are smiling and saying hello.  
I feel comfort . . . And no more whys!

Yet this is for only a time.

Then . . .  
Once more . . .  
I am . . .  
Alone . . .

Paula Ewing  
Junior



Steve Moulton  
Freshman

## reflection

Turn around and look backward  
To things gone on before.  
Remember, not the awkward,  
But the lovely filled with more  
Than we had ever dreamed  
Or suspected, I am sure.

felicia scheig  
Senior

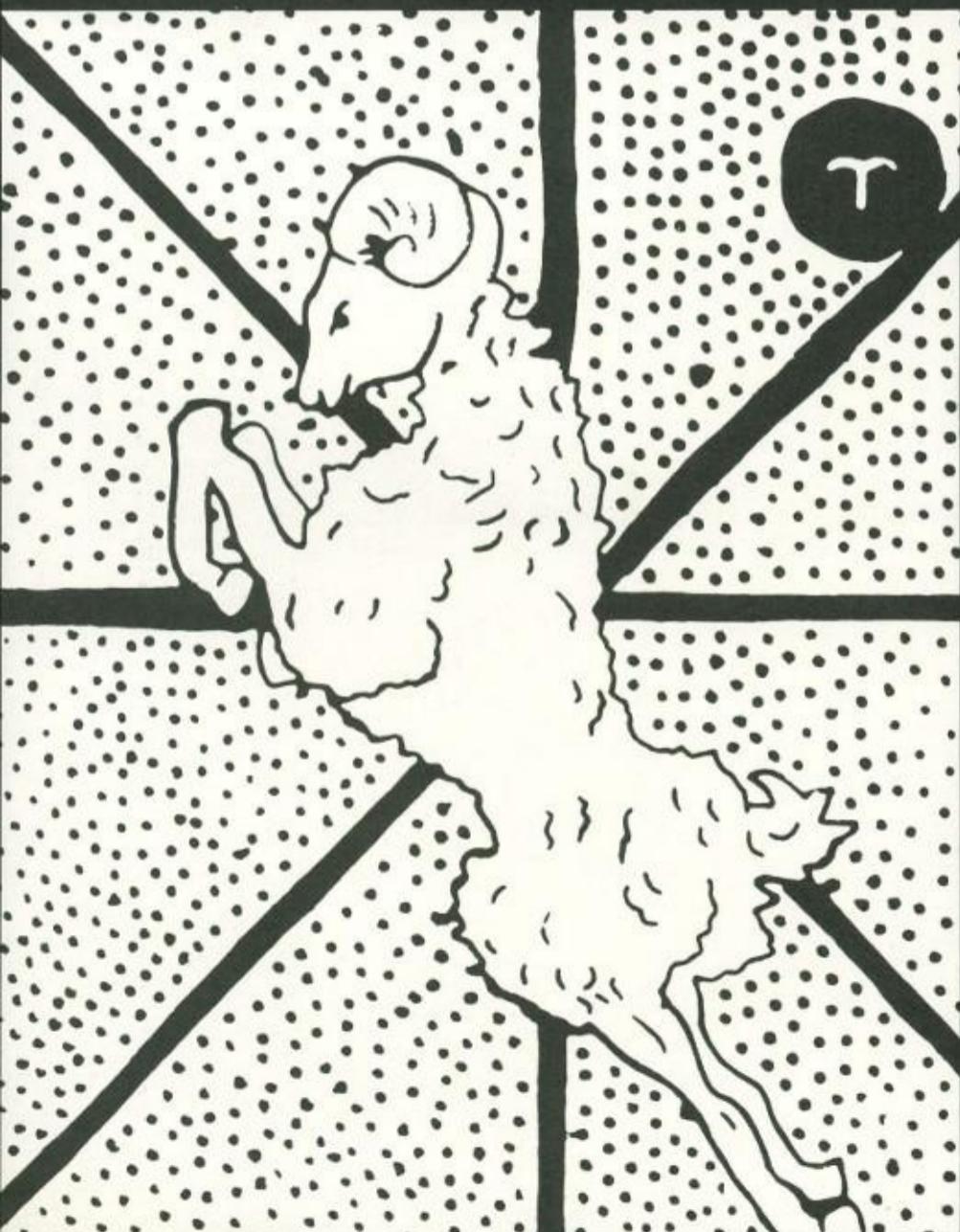
pat hanna  
Sophomore

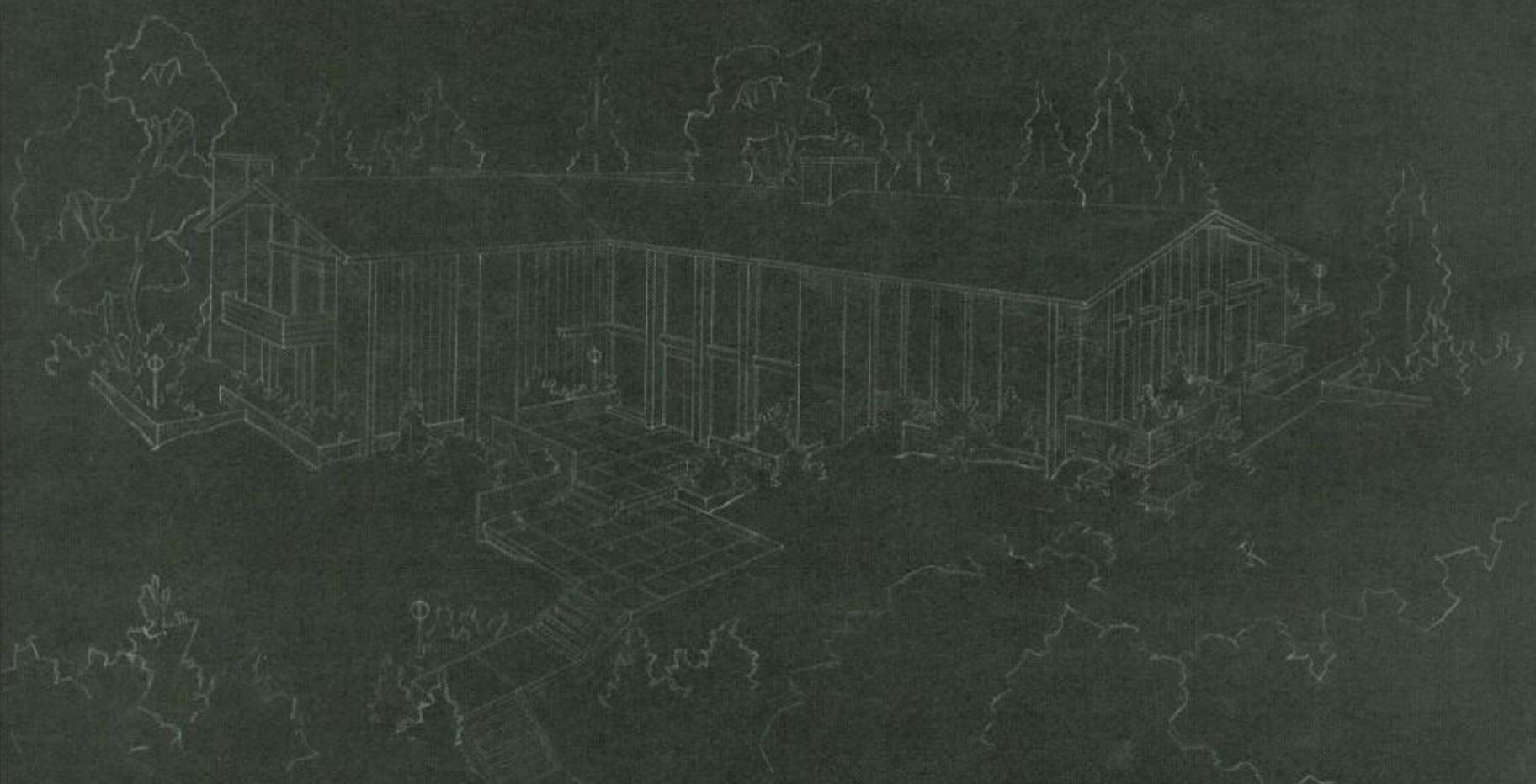


kim cullen  
Senior

Once more I am lost.  
Reality has become  
a state of mind.  
Existence has taken on  
fantastic dimensions.  
I can only sleep.  
For only through sleep  
can I become as I was—  
As I was meant to be.  
But sleep is like  
An elusive butterfly  
Letting me draw near  
But quickly taking flight  
should I chance too close  
My mind and body are numb.  
Sounds are only memories  
of what once was,  
but will never be.  
The loneliness that dwells  
Within my tomb of silence  
Engulfs me and drinks itself  
Into the depths  
of my soul.

Oh God, I need him so.  
karen crye  
junior

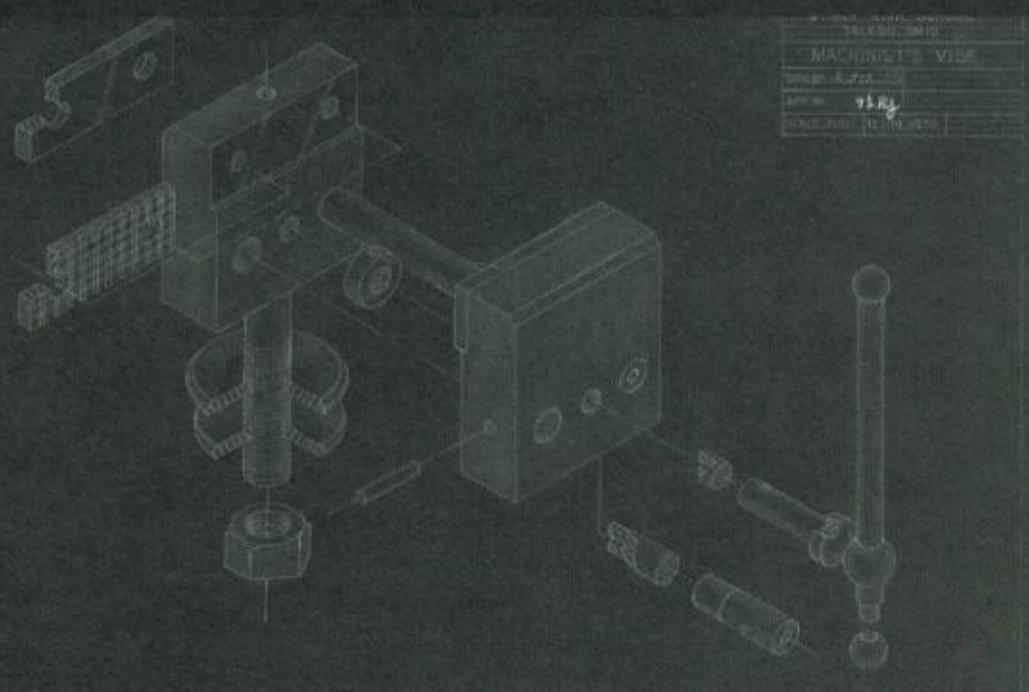




Joe Kunkle  
Senior



Joe Kunkle  
Senior



Christ Theodorou  
Sophomore

Here I sit  
amid the millions  
people hurrying  
feet scurrying  
voices talking  
legs walking  
chests sighing  
lips lying  
voices singing  
ears ringing  
eyes seeing  
no one being  
minds blowing  
I'm knowing  
I'm alone.

Here I sit  
away from the millions  
insects crawling  
birds calling  
creatures living  
love giving  
mothers caring

children daring  
all sharing  
their world with me.  
And I am not alone.

michele molisio  
sophomore

gail scott  
junior





john reid  
freshman

### **the road ahead**

I walk the road ahead, where time has come and time has gone and where the imprints of progress have hardened into ruts. Some shallow, some deep, but all real and existing. Many have strided where I now walk, and many have fallen to lay like the stagnant pools of the past. If I fall I will not lay, but will stand and move and take each step of life, each touch of soul to soil.

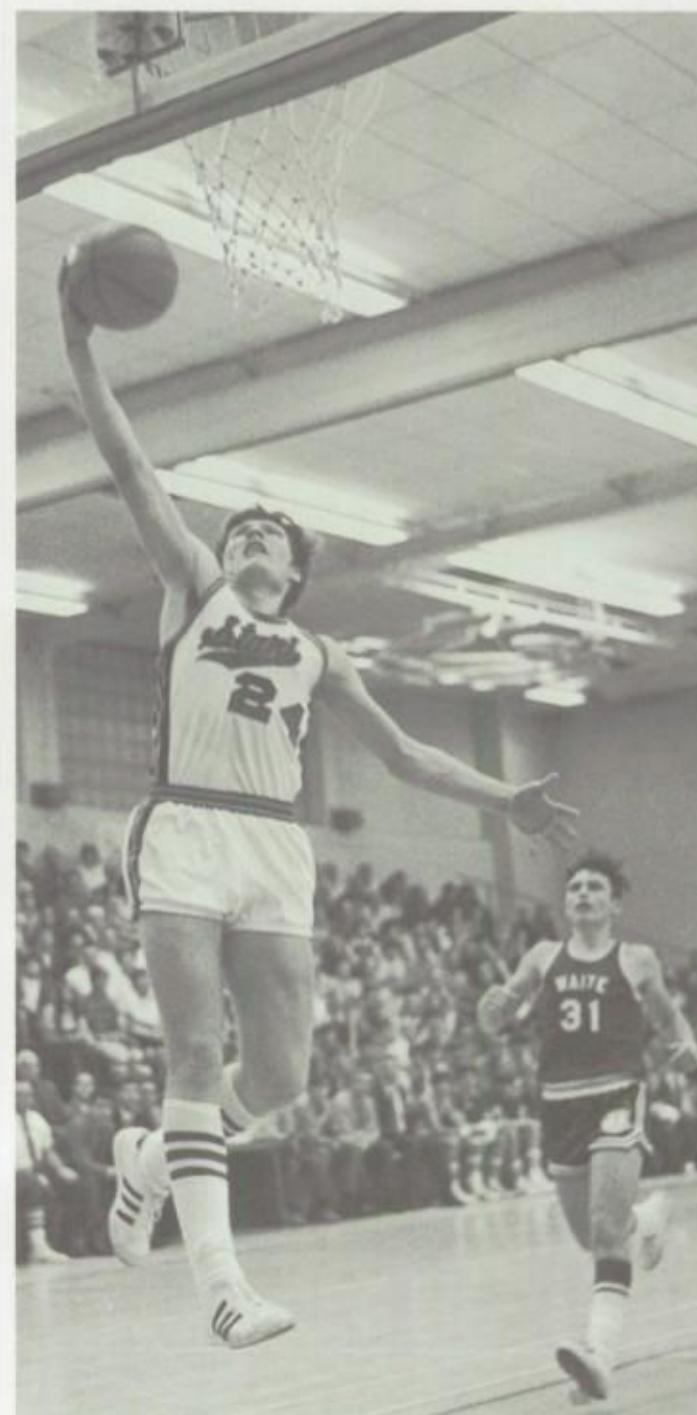
**ralph schade**  
Senior

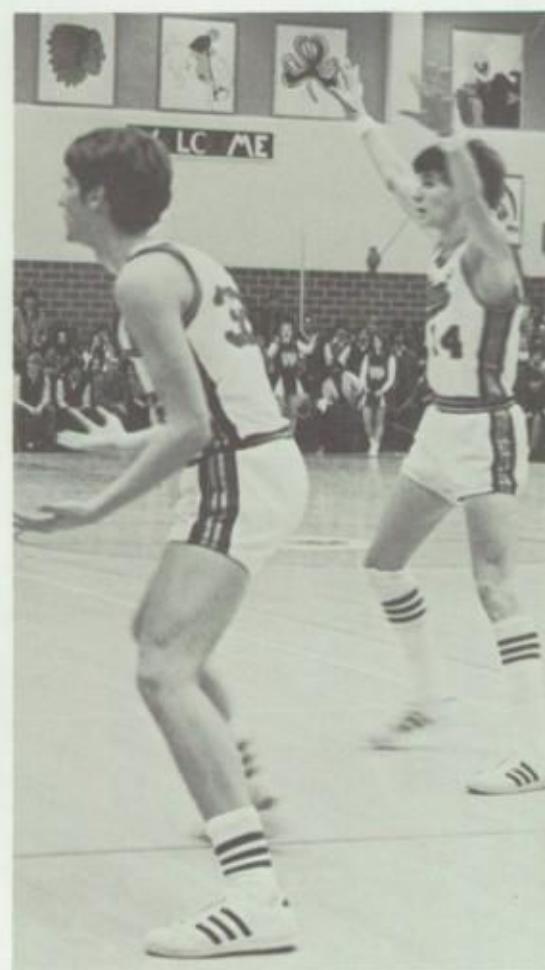
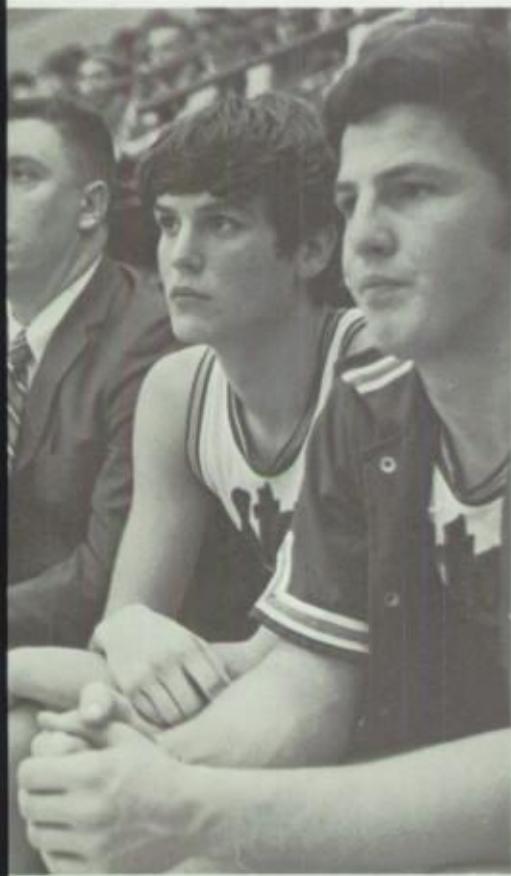


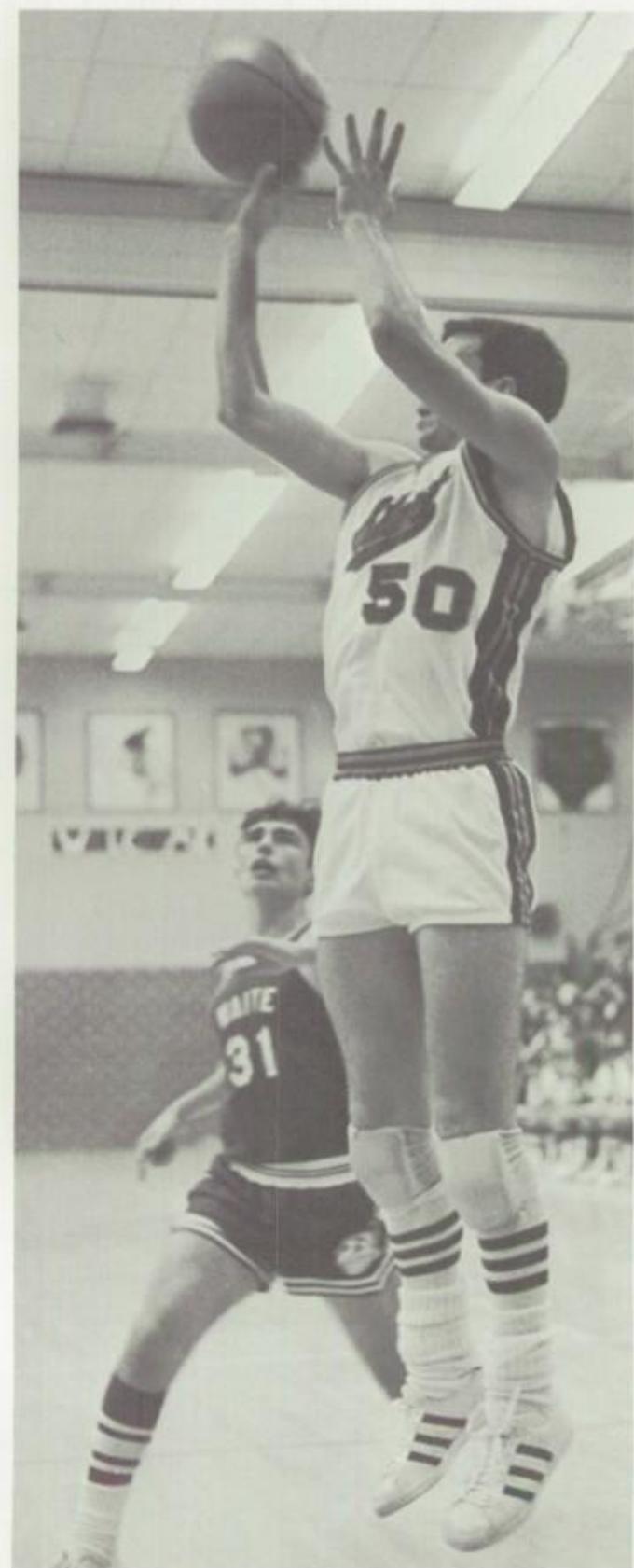
dennis douglas  
senior

## varsity basketball

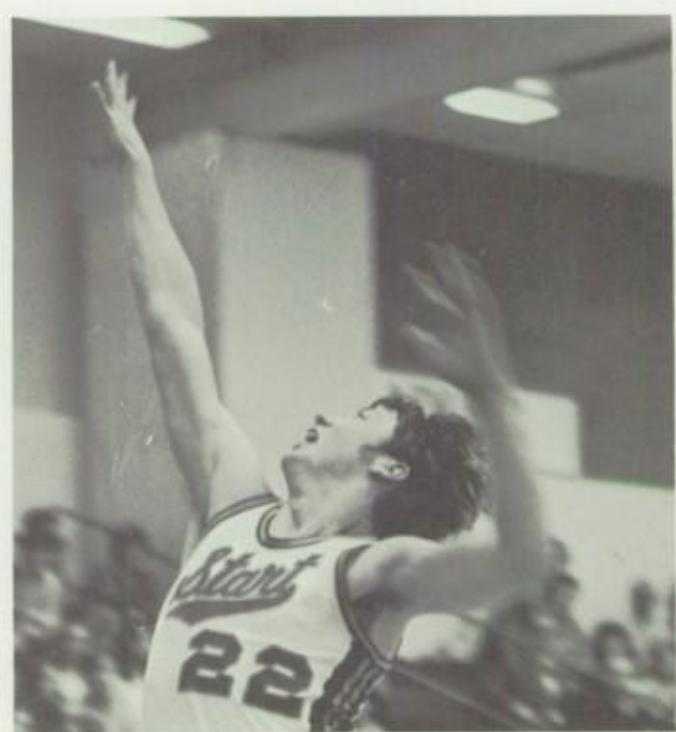
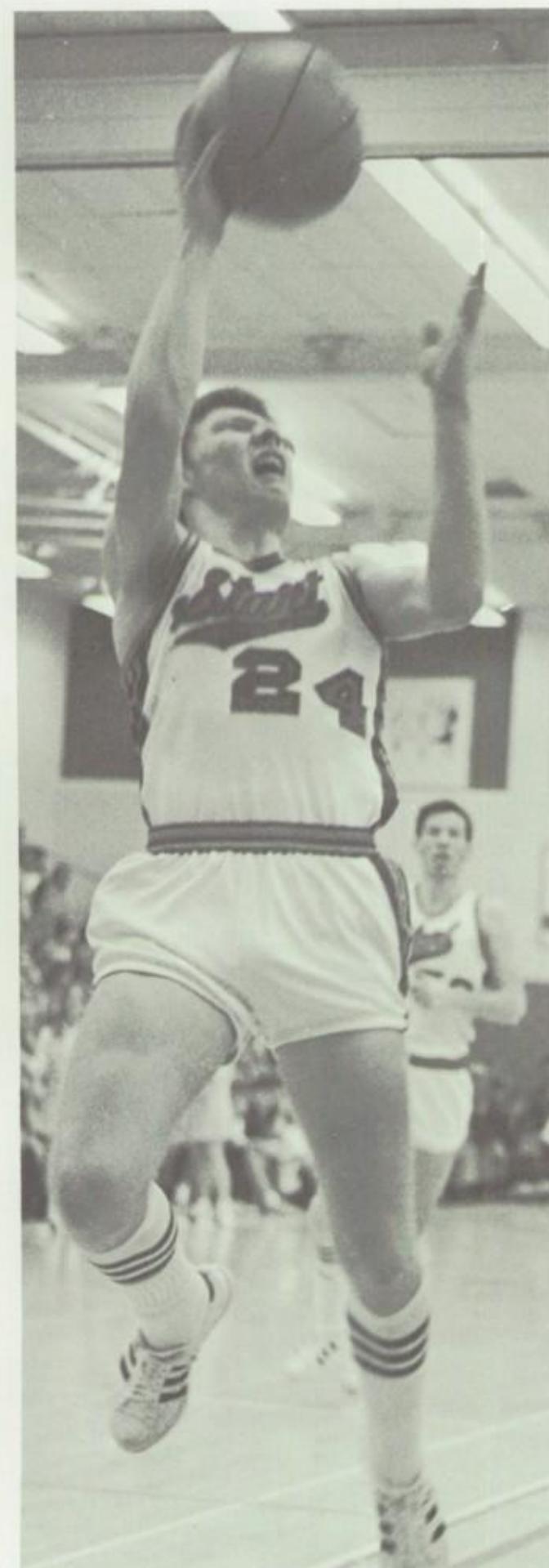
Boy, I wish I didn't go to this school. We never win anything at this place. Why couldn't we just win a couple of games in one sport—"this just in—St. John's has beaten Woodward and now Start has a berth in the City Championships"—Boy, what a school, what a team. I knew we could do it all along. Man, am I proud to be a Spartan. The Start High basketball team had their best season ever in the history of the school. Led by senior Bill Bradish and the city's leading scorer, Craig Lynch, they won the blue division title, sectional championship, and runner up in the District tournaments. Bill Bradish and Bill Kemp took second team and honorable mention, respectively, all-city, while Craig Lynch was the only unanimous choice for all city. Craig also was first team all northwestern and third team all Ohio. Kemp received the scholastic trophy, while Craig was voted M.V.P. The team only graduates one player this year, so it should make next year very promising.



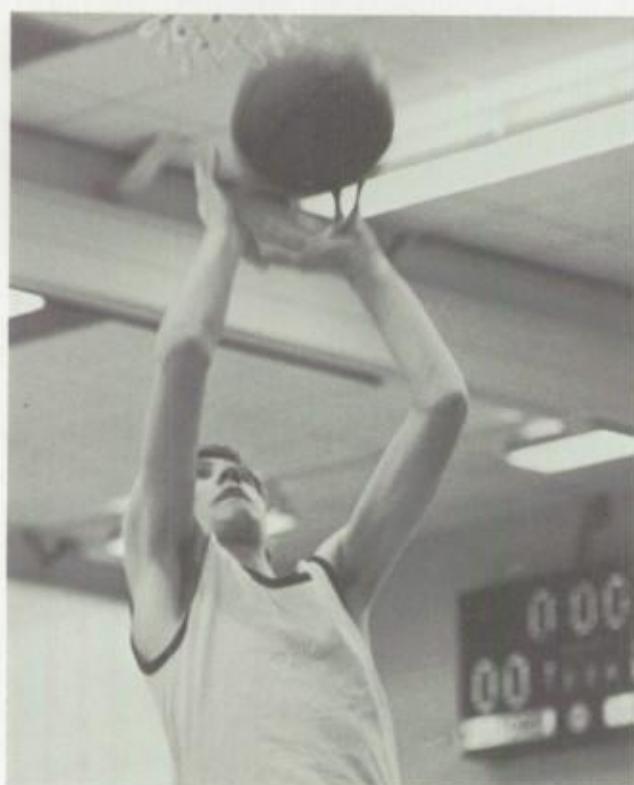


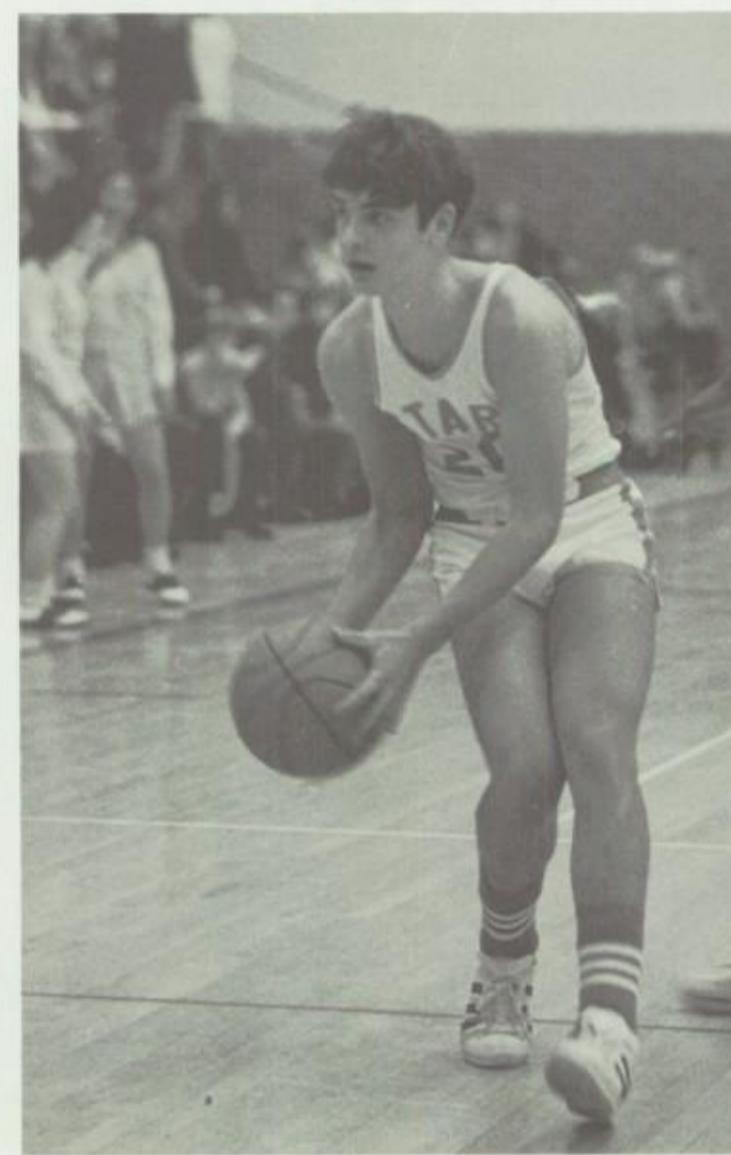


Craig Lynch—All City  
All Northwestern  
3rd Team All Ohio



## j.v. and frosh basketball





## intramurals









## spirit week

Baby pictures, signs and pin-ons ...  
Careful planning, homeroom decorating ...  
Green and gold, awards,  
Pep band, pep assembly  
Mrs. Sanzenbacher's poem  
"Paint the Spirit Rock" ...  
Spirit Week 1971 ...

**Freshman Cheerleaders**—Row 1: G. Lair, L. Randall, A. Kasch. Row 2: J. Love, K. Loomis, G. Johnson.



Connie Ash



Sheri Sprague



Debbie Zachman



Carol Castor, Captain.

J. V. Cheerleaders—Row 1: L. Shook. Row 2: E. Urbanski, P. Schultz, K. Carstensen, N. Hardy. Row 3: D. Patterson.



Debbie Kaiser



Tina Hady

## cheerleaders

Barnie, Coshocton—ugh!, 276 carbohydrates . . .  
Girls, girls, girls—That's all I see.  
Hide the mattress! Hud Lud Lud . . .  
Eggs and syrup, "What's your secret?"  
It had to be ten miles . . . It's a reproduction  
Will you rent me one sweatsock?  
Here comes the mighty gophers!  
Fifteen cold watermelons, 7:15 exercises . . .  
Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head  
We're the Spartans.  
I can't point my toes . . .  
I'll be the dog.  
Love, smiles, and tears . . .





Connie Spevak



Kathy Kramer



Richard Brittain



Sharon Hall



Ralph Schade



Janet Johnson

## seniors of distinction

Eleven seniors  
with the most service points  
based on all recorded  
activities.  
From different facets  
of school life . . .  
Sports,  
student council,  
class activities,  
publications,  
scholarship . . .  
Representative of all.

Susan Kemp, David Chamberlain



Timothy Breier

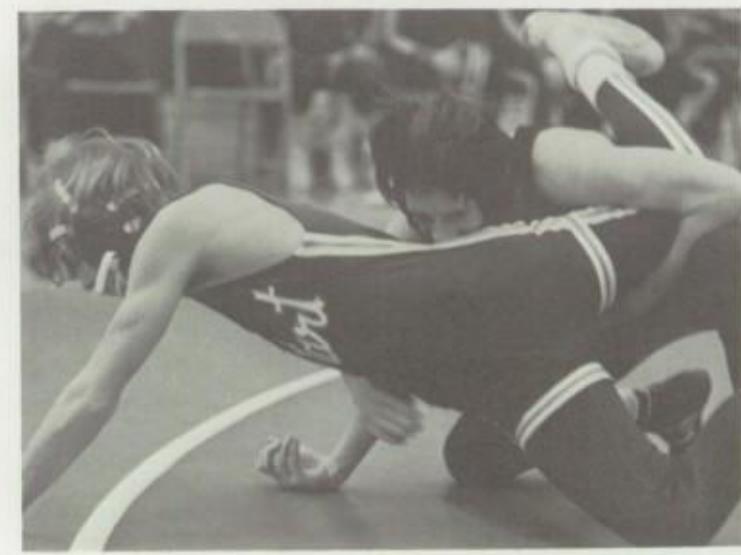
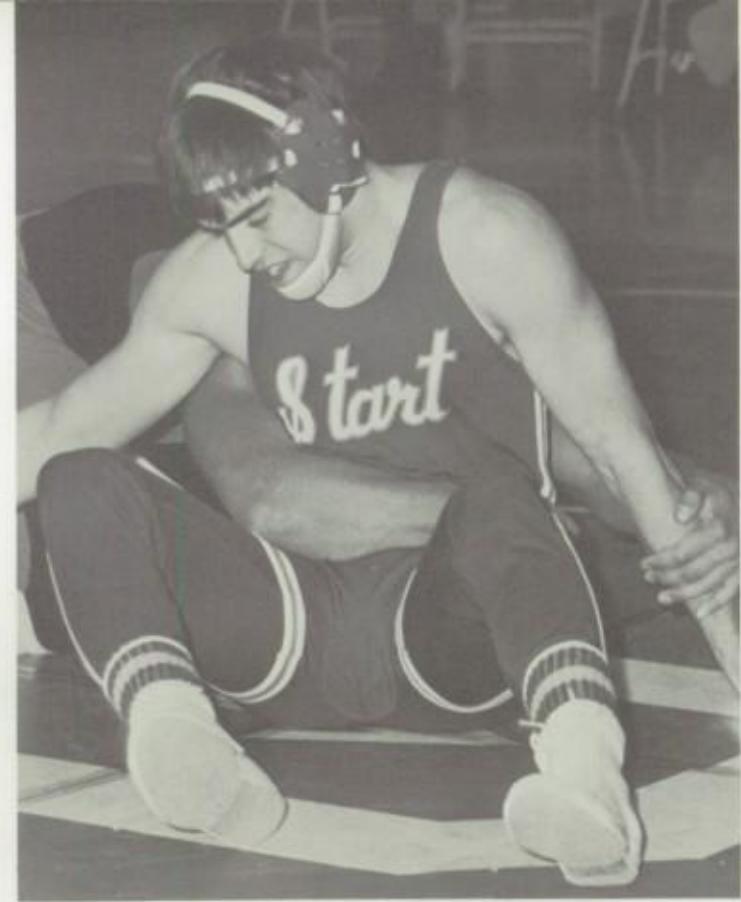


Diane Graalman



Lynne Lewandowski

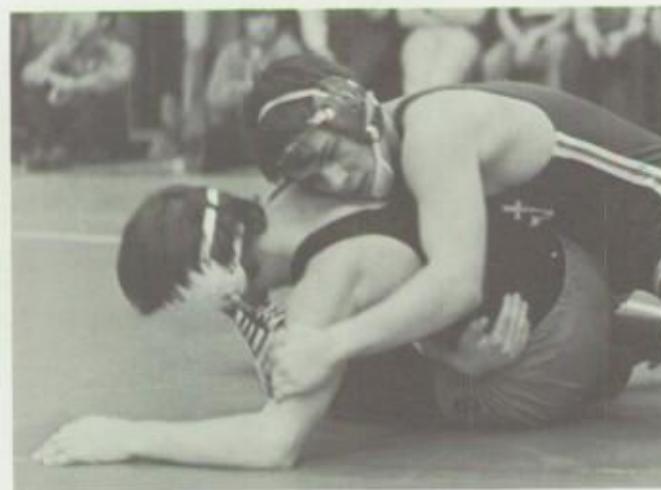
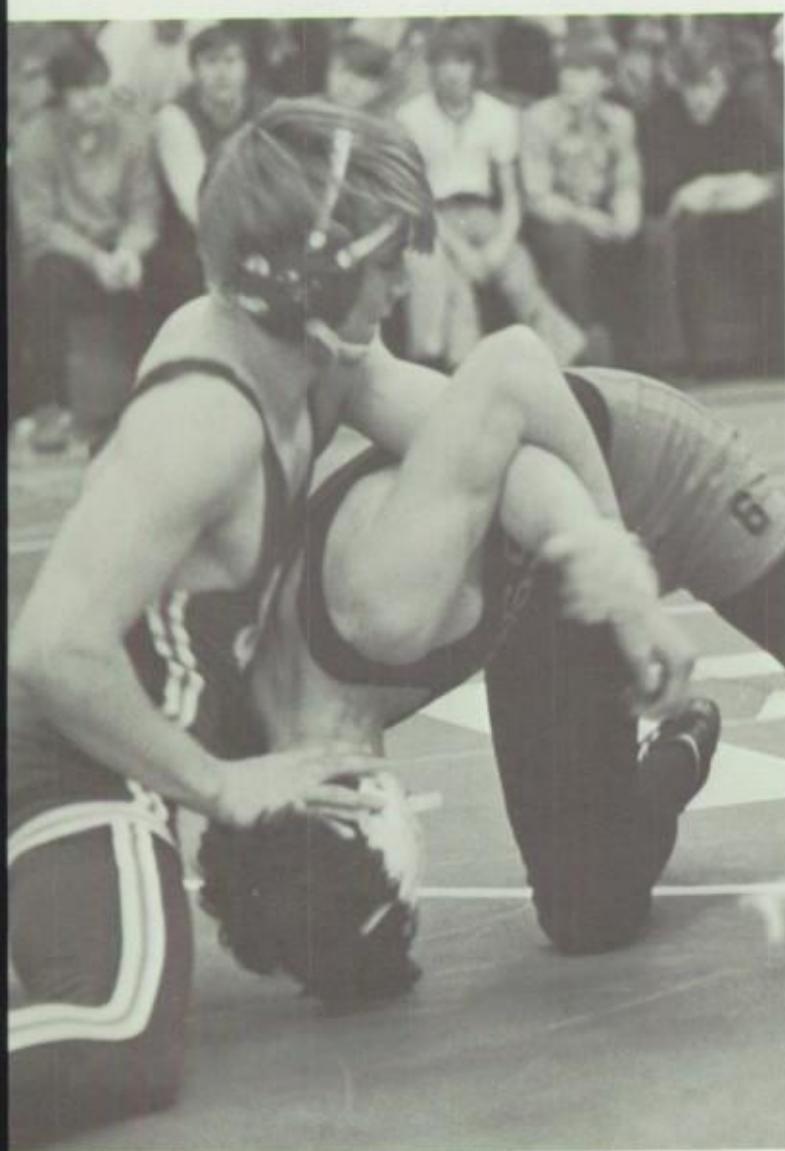
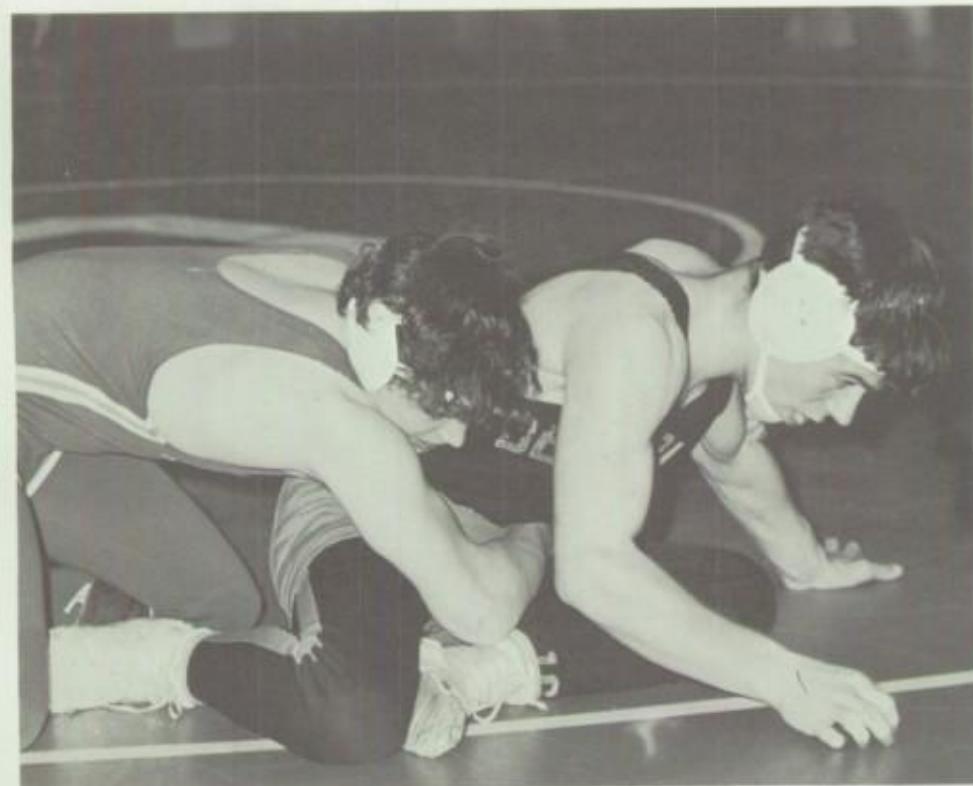


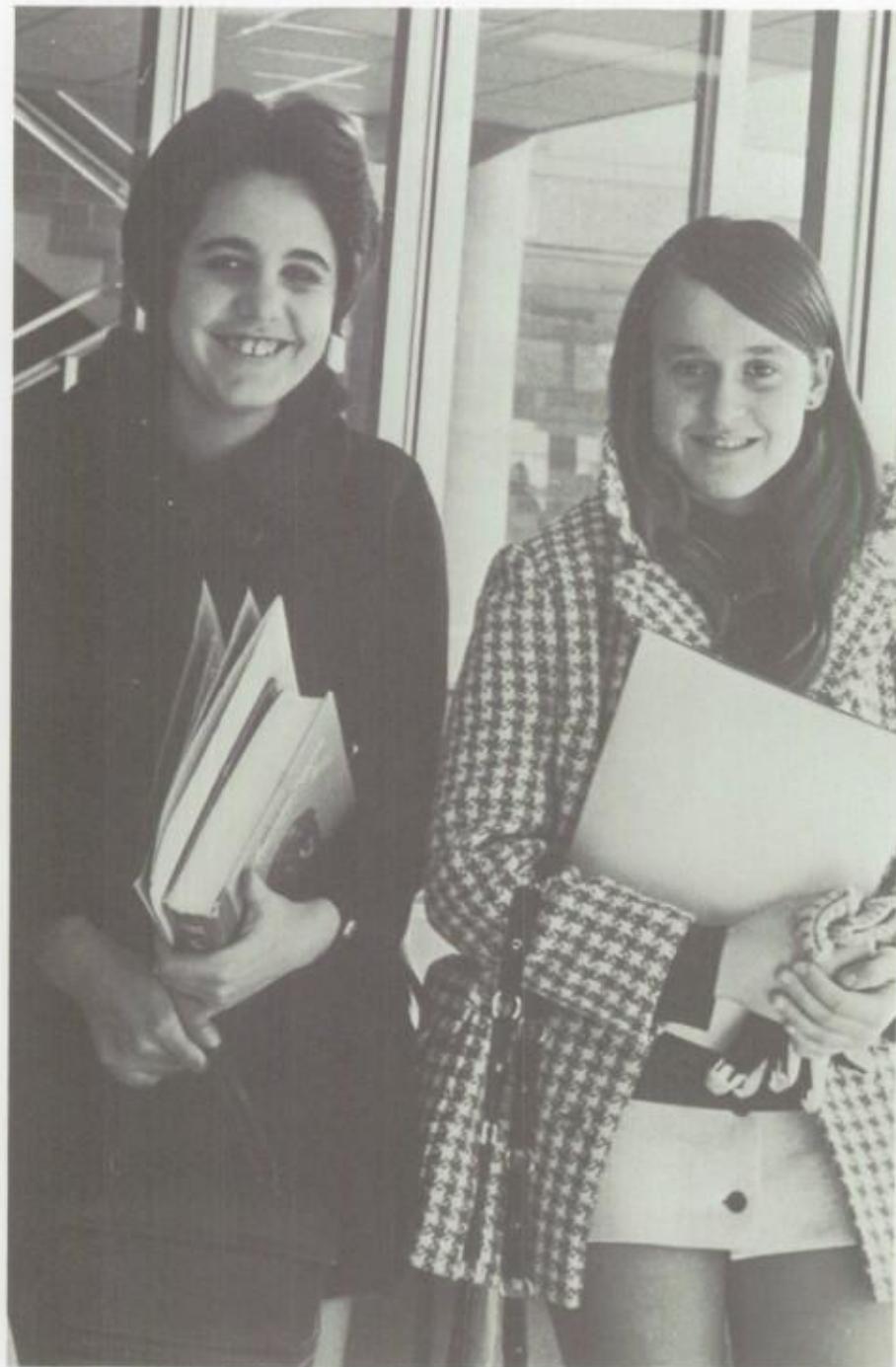


## wrestling

Throughout life a person is always faced with pressures and with the competition of life itself. The same is true in sports and wrestling in particular. In wrestling it's more than school against school or team against team but more of man against man. In no other sport can one participate as a team member and as an individual also. The one man who showed most the true concept of a wrestler was MVP John Gaertner, who, through his efforts, made it to the district tournament. Jim Steedman earned the scholastic trophy. The team was 6 and 5 for the season and will have many experienced wrestlers returning which should improve next year's record.







Veronica Elissetche—Chile



## foreign exchange students

Viajeras de otros países  
construyendo puentes sobre la distancia  
de lenguas extranjeras,  
costumbres diferentes y vistas variadas.  
Memorizando las caras,  
descubriendo a la gente,  
creciendo como individuos,  
mientras comprendiendo juntos.  
Formando las relaciones entre amigos  
y la humanidad.



Gina Morchio—Chile



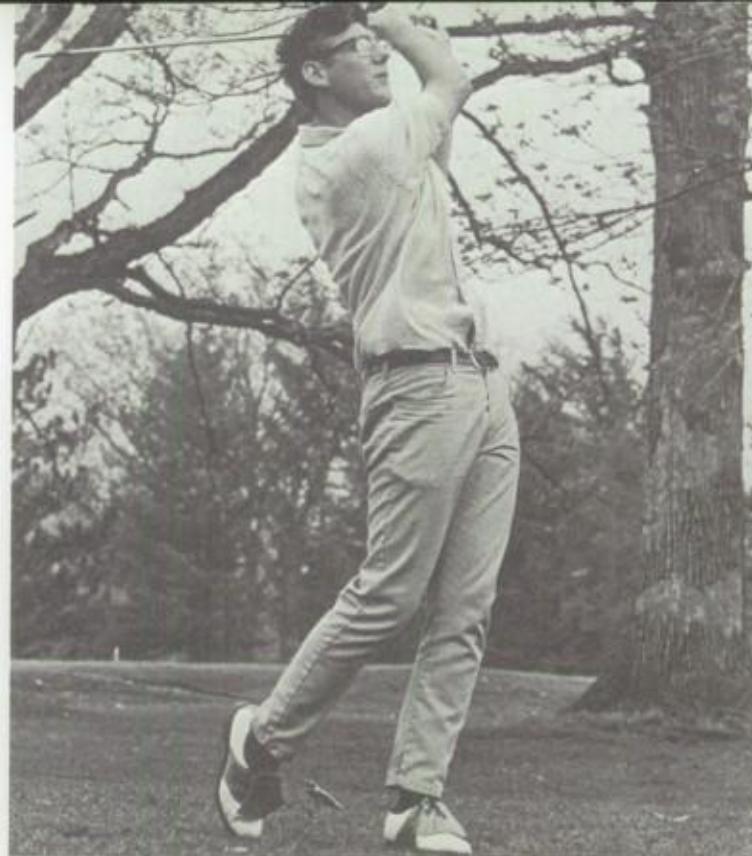
## beyond the rainbow

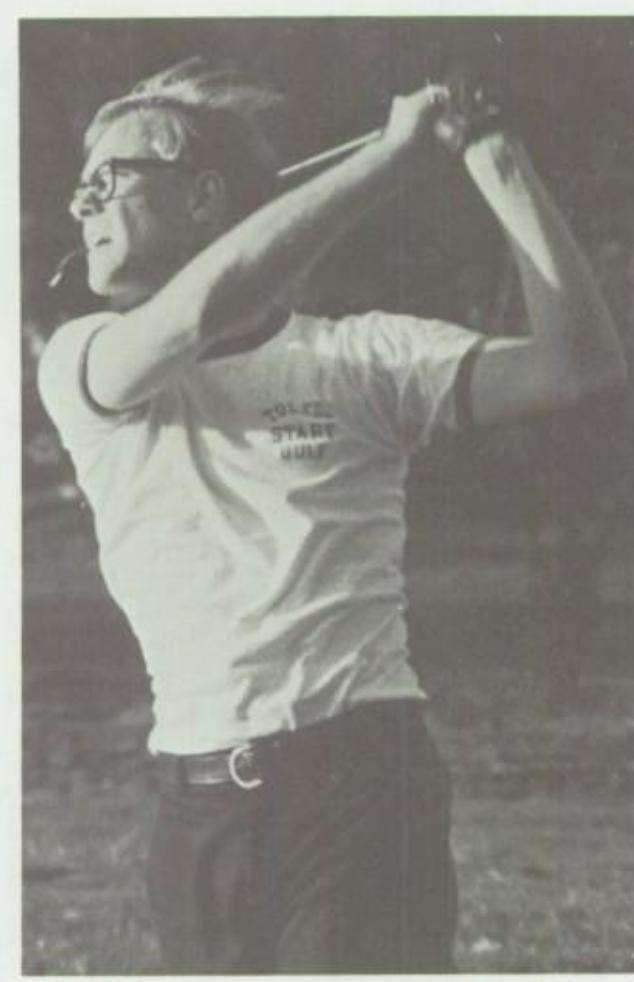
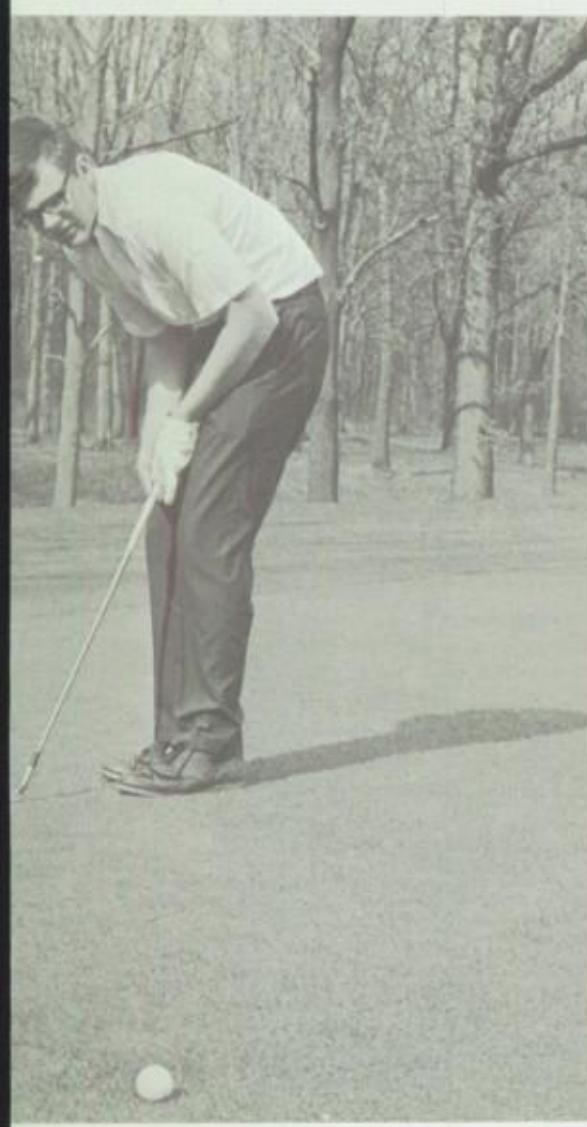
February 27, 1971 ...  
"Beyond the Rainbow"  
A step over the bridge,  
a visit by the falls,  
a stroll through the garden ...  
Where's the punch?  
Two left feet ...  
A new dress ... semiformal ... formal ...  
Ribbet, ribbet ...  
Money does grow on trees ...  
Once around the floor  
to the Charles McDaniel Orchestra ...  
Just plain fantastic ...



## golf

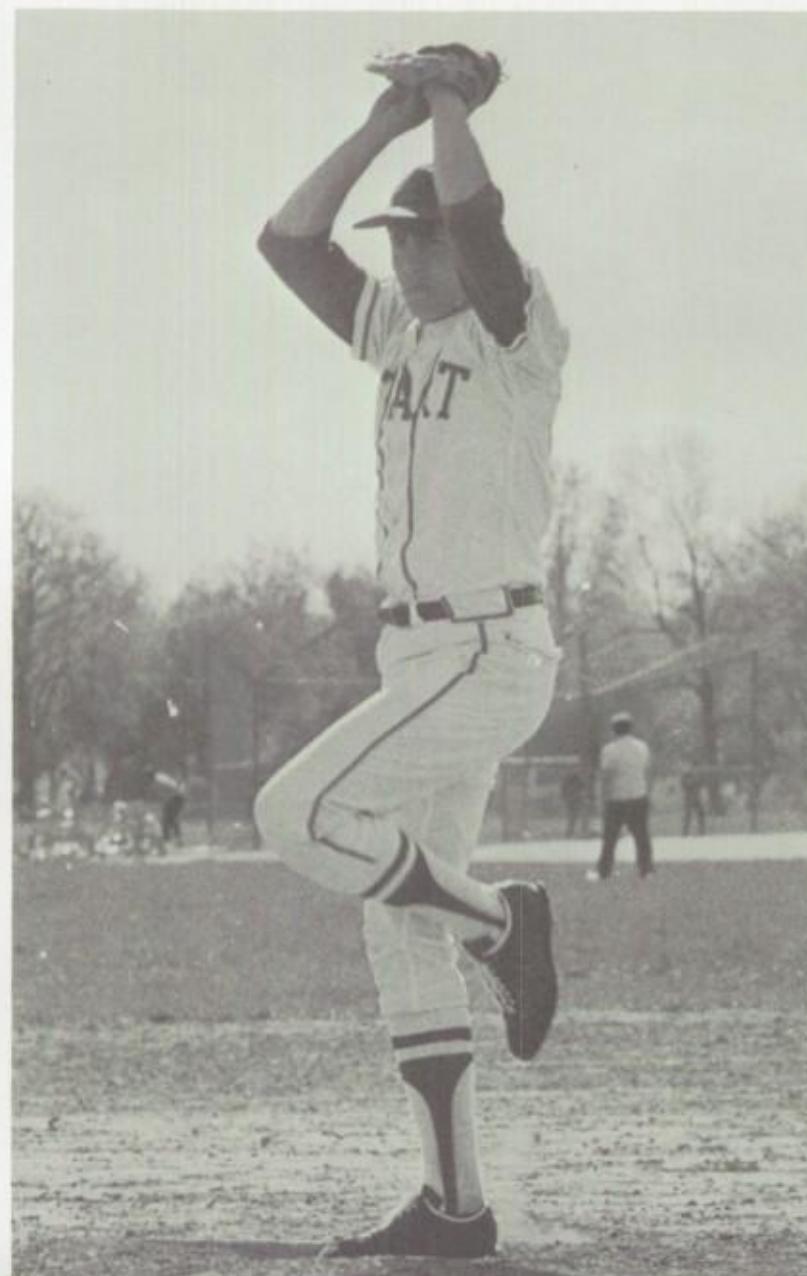
Skill, a willingness to work, and a love of tension are qualities which are good to have in a world like ours. All too often short tempers and pressure lead to unachieved goals, but through teamwork and a love of the sport success is easy to attain. This has been the most thrilling season for Coach Kroggel and his young men. A team composed mostly of seniors, the golfers traveled to Columbus to the state tournament, a first for any Start team. For the last weeks in May, the team was never out of ties or out of the cup. The team was led by first team all-city Dick Hense and second team all-city Ted Banish. Mark Wallington was presented the scholastic trophy while Hense earned the MVP trophy.





Richard Hense—All City

Jeff Myers—All City

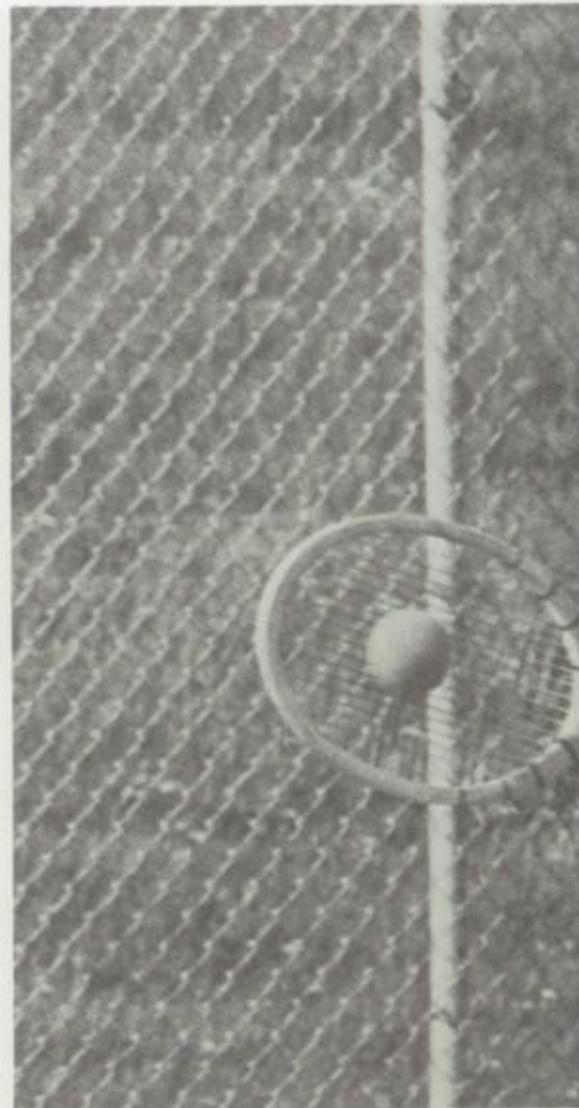




## baseball

When a person participates in a competitive sport, many times his hopes and dreams are built up and up and then his anticipations turn to disaster. This person feels like his world has just ended and that his pride is destroyed. A team composed mostly of juniors had its ups and downs. They were in contention for the championship down to the final weeks. The team was led by Bill Bradish, Chuck Northrup, Steve Senn, Ken Carstensen, and Jeff Myers. Ken Carstensen was the scholastic winner and Jeff Myers MVP. Jeff also received first team all-city utility.

## tennis



Zap! Wow what a shot.

This guy is really tough. Pow!

Oops, that's one more for him, that makes the score 6 to 0. Man, I wish I had worked a little harder in practice last week. Zam!

Gosh, he's killing me with his overhand.

I'll have to start working a little harder next week.

This has been an off year for the court bouncers  
but they had their fun.

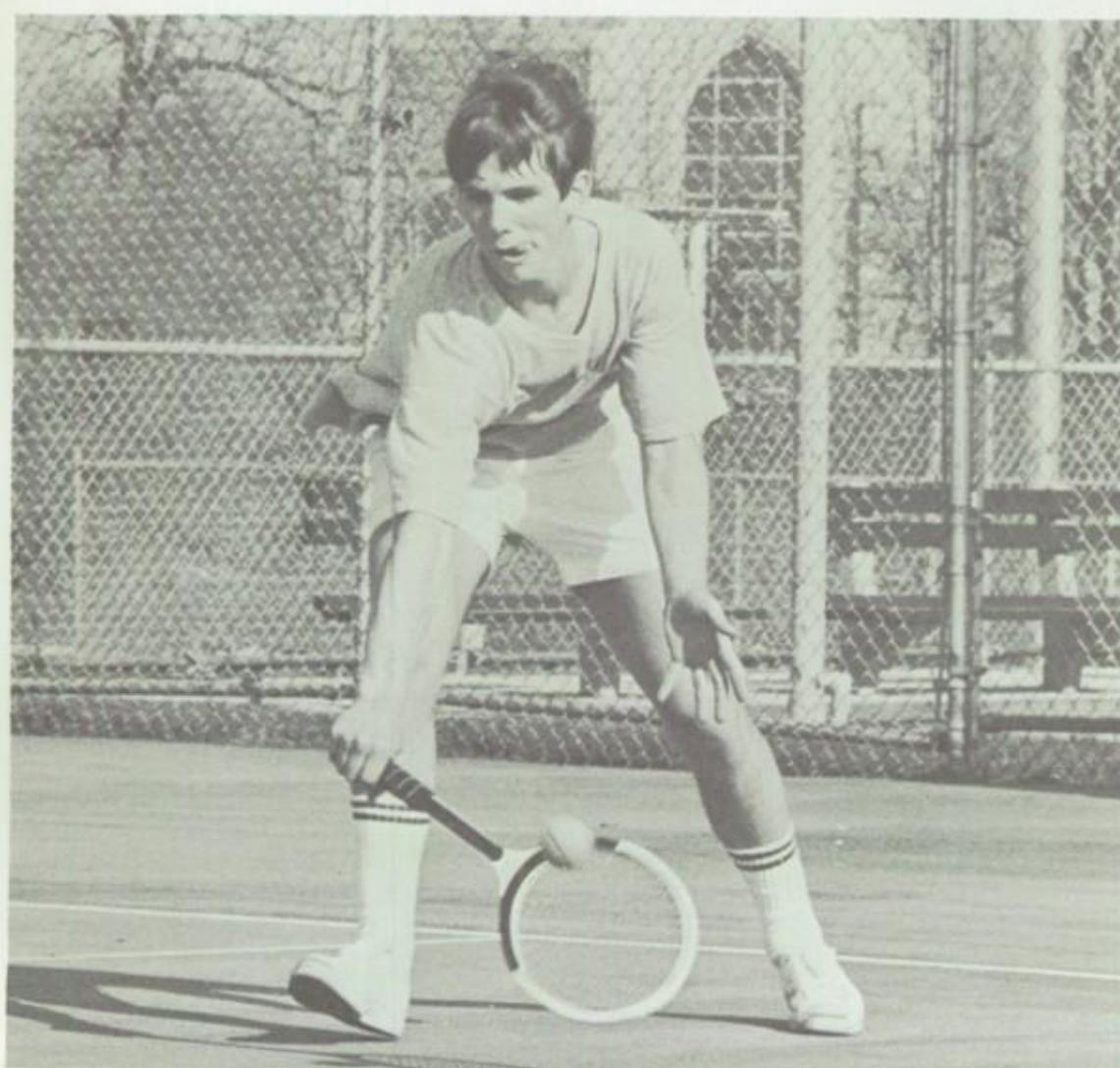
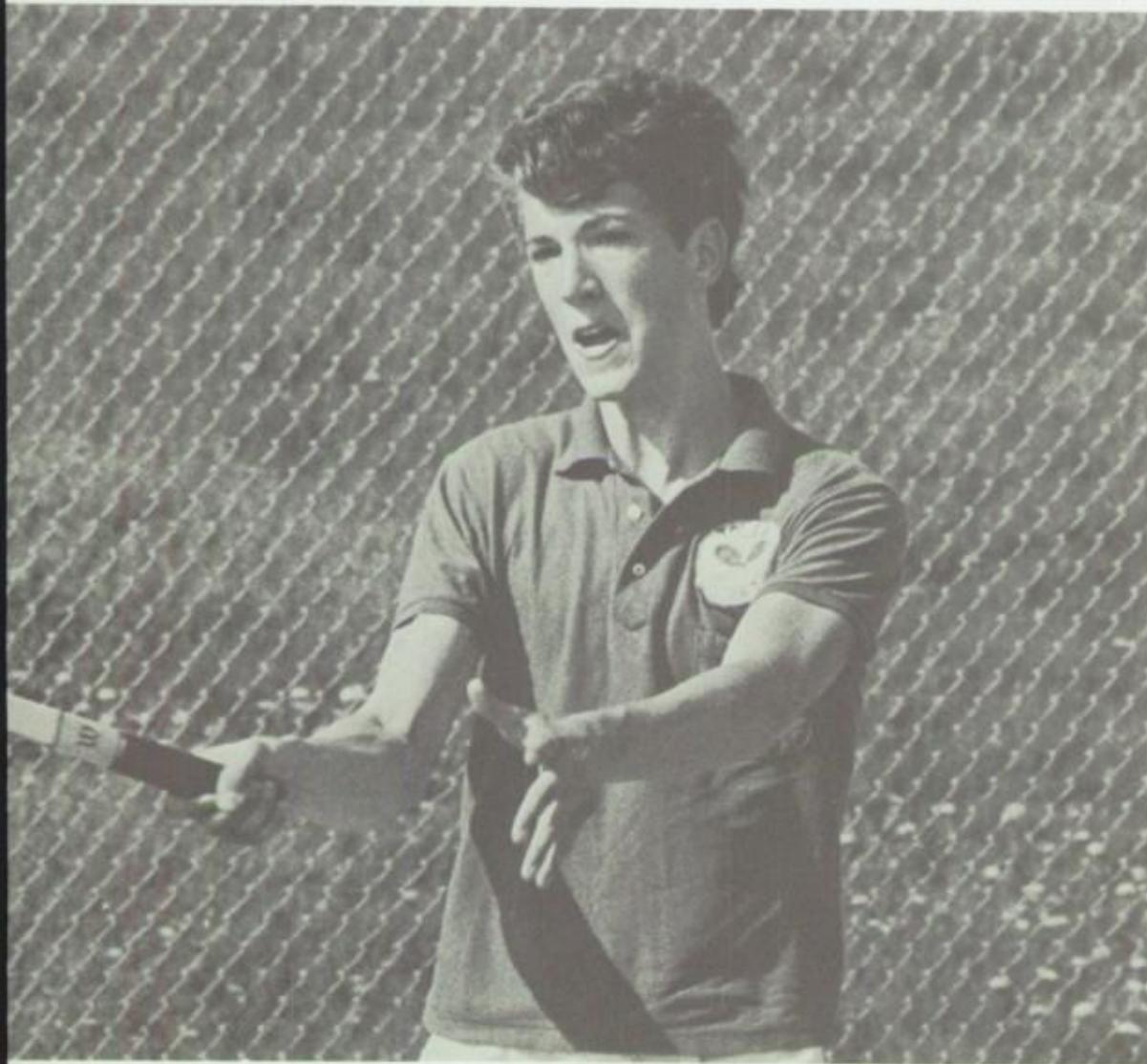
With a mixture of seniors and underclassmen  
they went to a 6-6 season.

Steve Hall received the scholastic award  
while Tom Fought ricketed the MVP award.

There will be four lettermen returning.

It would have been five but a star player  
was lost to another city and another school.







## track

To be defeated by another man or another team  
is a feeling that no person can explain.  
You feel like you will explode with anger and jealousy . . .  
but you don't. You keep your cool  
and when your friends come up to you to say  
that although the team did terrible—you were great,  
the taste of defeat is forgotten.  
Although this was one of the worst seasons for the  
trackmen they never gave up.  
They worked hard all year through rain and sunshine.  
The team was hampered by injuries to important people,  
but that didn't stop them from competing.  
Tom Koinis received the scholastic trophy  
while Mark Stender was voted MVP.



Mark Stender—All City

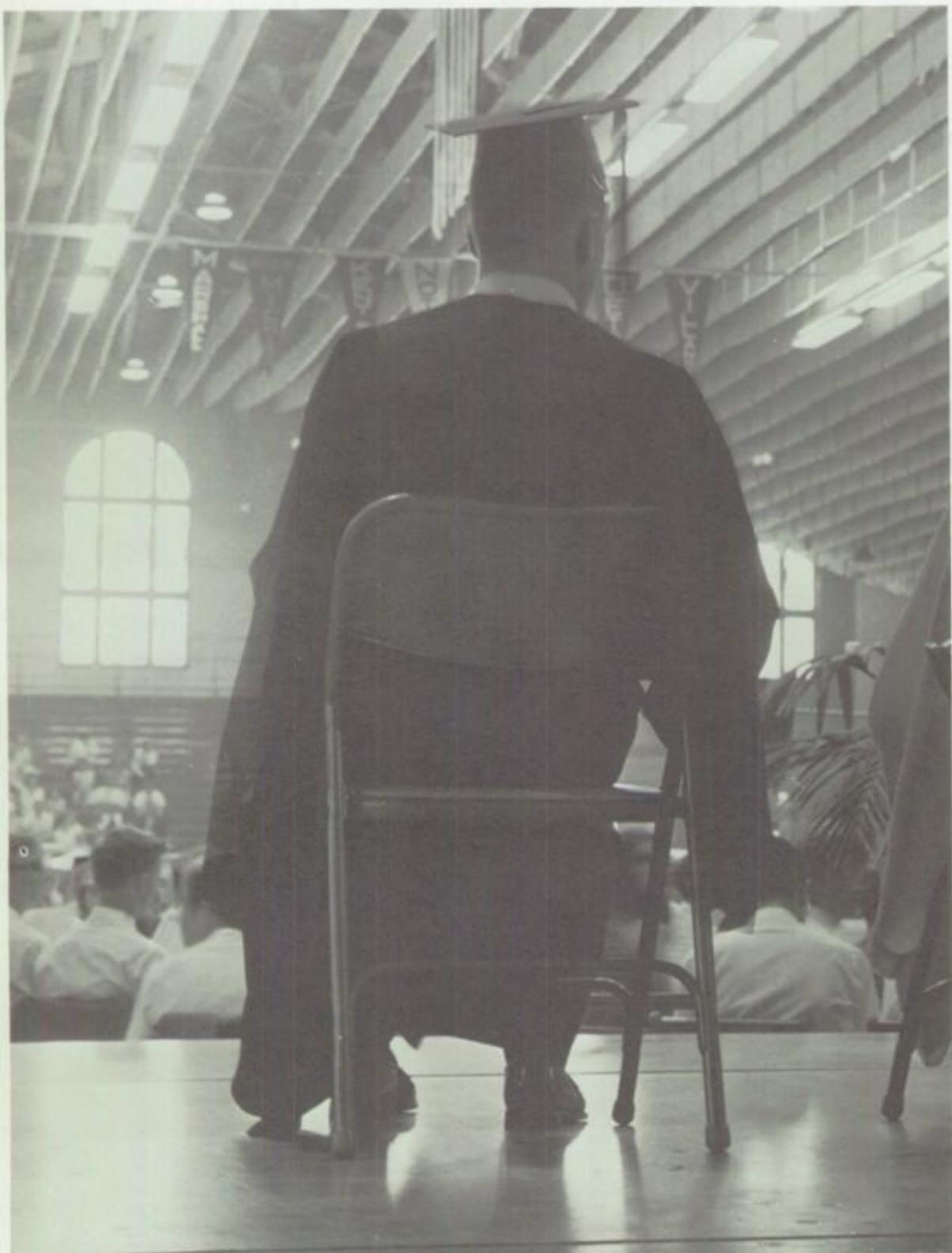




prom, baccalaureate,  
commencement . . .



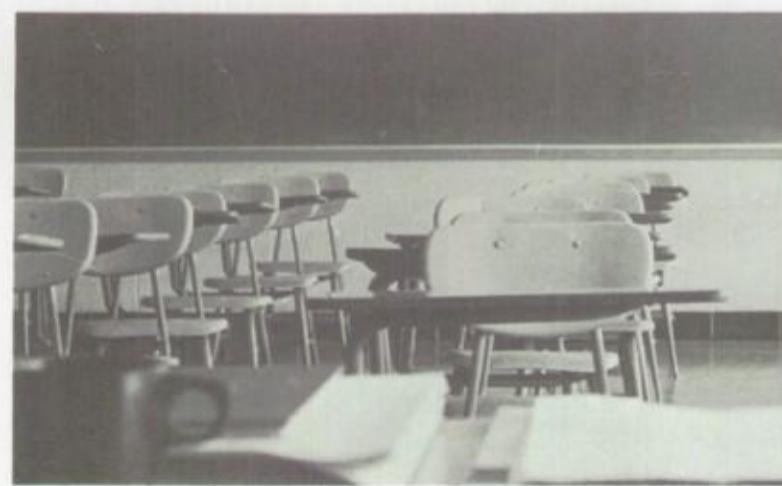




## assemblage

Prom 1971 . . .  
Commencement moved up . . . Great!  
Where's the prom going to be held?  
Meeting today . . . 109  
Where is everybody?  
Banana sale? You're kidding . . .  
Sock Hops, and no one there . . .







*At least talk to each other*



To have a friend  
is to be the person you are.  
Discard your plastic facade,  
and discover yourself.  
Reach out to fuse as one.  
Reflections in a glass mirror,  
unbound emotions,  
liberalized expressions—

## individualism in unity . . .



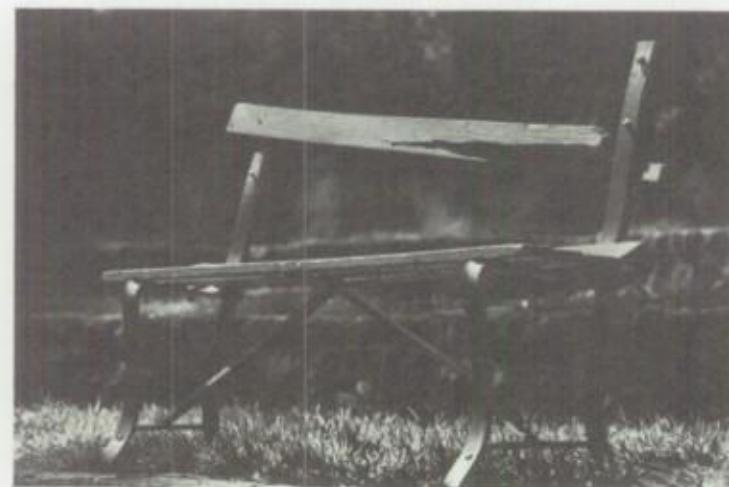




Love descends from hatred,  
 hope descends from despair  
 when you use yourself  
 as an instrument of peace.  
 Through your own feelings of life  
 a new belief is made strong  
 within yourself and the world.  
 Loving this dream in reality,  
 living this dream in reality,  
 and not caring in which direction  
 you cast a glance for learning . . .  
 Gathering knowledge at every crossroad,  
 seeking no boundaries in an infinite universe.







*Embraced, the lovers desperately try to fuse their insulated ecstasies into a single self-transcendence; in vain. By its very nature every embodied spirit is doomed to suffer and enjoy in solitude.*

A. Huxley

